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Miss Abby Lauman

with the kind regards

of Mrs. S. H. Bowne

Brooklyn 1870.

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MEMORIAL

OF

SAMUEL HALL WALLEY.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY T. R. MARVIN & SON.
1866.

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THIS TRIBUTE

TO THE

MEMORY OF AN HONORED PARENT

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO HIS

BELOVED GRAND-CHILDREN.

MEMORIAL.

SAMUEL HALL WALLEY, the subject of the following pages, was the son of Thomas Walley, merchant, of Boston, and Sarah Hurd. He was born April 12, 1778, in the house which at that time stood upon the corner of Federal and Franklin Streets. Part of the ground on which it stood was afterwards appropriated for the first Roman Catholic church in Boston. It is now occupied by stores.

Samuel was the youngest of five children, one of whom died in infancy. Of the others, Thomas, Charles, and Sally Hurd, frequent mention is made in the pages of his Diary.

Some of you for whom these pages have been prepared, will be able to recall the form of one who, had he lived to know you, would have been to each a loved and most loving Grand-parent. Most of you have been taken in his arms, and we may safely say,

that his heartfelt prayers went up to heaven that you might be early numbered in the fold of the Good Shepherd. Some from among you, some sweet lambs of that fold, and *one* who had openly confessed her Saviour before the world, he has, we doubt not, met in the green pastures of that "better land," where "partings and death shall divide hearts no more." How well he loved the young, and how large a portion of his time, during many years, was devoted to labors for their happiness and improvement, these pages will tell you in his own words. How greatly it would have rejoiced that living heart to know that he was to be made an instrument of good to those so nearly and tenderly allied to him, we who knew him best alone can understand. It is with this view that this collection of some of his writings has been made, that he, 'being dead,' may yet speak to you words of affectionate counsel and heavenly wisdom.

The countenance of a friend long known, and tenderly loved, never wholly fades from memory—long years of separation cannot efface that picture which has been indelibly fixed upon the heart. And yet how fondly we prize, and how sacredly we treasure the picture upon which we may look with our bodily eyes, dwelling upon each loved feature, and recalling at will every changing expression.

The following pages are only an attempt to preserve, in a suitable frame, a picture of a friend drawn by his own hand—that we may not lose altogether, in the

lapse of years, the outline of those beloved features quickening and nerving us to duty,

"Alluring us to brighter worlds,"

to which he has led the way.

The original of this simple sketch was one of the most unassuming of men, though his manners were ever those of a polished Christian gentleman, kindly and genial in social intercourse, of a cheerful and contented spirit, cultivated by an ever-deepening sense of gratitude to his Heavenly Benefactor.

In early life, his slight form and apparent delicacy, gave but little promise of a vigorous manhood. The tender cares of a devoted mother, which he repaid with the fondest affection, doubtless contributed much towards invigorating his constitution, and through life his veneration for her memory was strongly marked. The tender emphasis with which he was wont to repeat the lines from his favorite poet, Cowper, "On the receipt of my mother's picture," showed how warm was the response to them in his own breast.

At an early period the pages of his Diary, (commenced when only nineteen years of age,) show a conscientious desire to know what was right, and to do it—a kind and affectionate disposition, and great purity and guilelessness of nature. He chose for companions those whose society was profitable as well as pleasing, and his friendships were warm and lasting.

His love for reading was satisfied by access to the

works of the best English authors, in prose and verse, and in connection with other friends of his own age, he found improving occupation for his evening hours in writing for the papers, (which at that time were only weekly,) articles on commerce and on the passing events of the times.

Later in life, when engaged in the engrossing pursuits of business, his weary and often overtaxed frame, found refreshment by his own loved fireside, reading aloud works entertaining and instructive, or penning a sprightly or consoling letter to some absent friend.

He ever found delight in the society of cultivated and Christian minds, and in welcoming such to his house, would often say, "We know not but we may be entertaining angels unawares."

In such intercourse, his cheerful, genial spirit showed itself in the relation of amusing anecdotes, or pleasant reminiscences. His very "failings leaned to virtue's side." None ever yearned more ardently to repair an error into which a sanguine nature might sometimes lead him, or endured with more Christian patience and submission the chastening of that wise Providence which apportions to each soul the "need be" of earthly discipline—that chastening "now for the present not joyous, but grievous," but which in his case, as in that of every true disciple, assuredly worked out "the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

Being led in youth to seek and find the true riches, and having experienced the sustaining power of the truths he embraced, during seasons of varied and

severe trial, he came out of the furnace fires, purified and strengthened, for a more unreserved consecration to the service of that divine Redeemer whom he never shrunk from confessing before men. As he grew in years, time became increasingly precious in his estimation, and he sought earnestly to redeem it, and to make every hour tell in the progress of some "work of high and holy love."

The Sabbath School cause presented facilities for the accomplishment of this desire, which he highly valued and diligently improved; and we cannot but believe that of the large numbers thus brought within the sphere of his influence, many will hereafter "rise up and call him blessed." To this end, his two years' residence abroad, (undertaken for the health of a member of his family,) was most industriously occupied with seeing and hearing whatever might be turned to account for the pleasure or profit of those whom he might in any way reach by his influence. Some who were brought within that influence there, it is believed, look to him as the instrument of leading them to receive the Messiah whom their fathers crucified, as their Saviour, and to prove their faith by a consistent life.

The house of affliction or bereavement always attracted him, and his words of sympathy and Christian counsel and hope, were so evidently the language of experience, that they seldom failed at least to comfort and sustain, even where they could not heal. In such seasons, the beautiful hymns of Watts and

Cowper and Newton, long familiar to his memory, were often the readiest and most acceptable form of imparting consolation and peace. How many of these sweet poems have acquired a new beauty and meaning as associated with the tones of that dear voice, so full of a loving sympathy!

We give the first line of a few of his favorites. Among Cowper's hyms,

"O Lord, my best desires fulfil,"
"God moves in a mysterious way,"
"O for a closer walk with God,"
"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

and among those of Watts,

"There is a land of pure delight,"
"When I survey the wondrous cross,"
"Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears,"
"When I can read my title clear,"

and among Newton's,

"Why should I fear the darkest hour,"
"Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,"
"I asked the Lord that I might grow."

It is pleasant to look back at this distance of time to very early childhood, and to see again the beloved forms of "parents passed into the skies," as arm and arm they walked the well-remembered parlor of the old home, repeating alternately these hymns; how lasting the impression of such scenes upon the mind

of a child! the looks, the very tones, how they come back, stealing their gentle way through all the gales and storms of years, and breathing over our listening, waiting hearts, the soothing influence of those same words,

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign,
> Infinite day excludes the night,
> And pleasures banish pain."

And for a little season the radiance of those upper skies streams down upon our pathway.

He was fond of embracing interesting occasions, such as birth-days, wedding-days, or times of sorrow, when the heart is specially susceptible to impression, as opportunities for addressing what might prove "a word in season."

Many a little book or trifling remembrance, with a kind note of sympathy, and perhaps of counsel, has thus planted precious seed, to spring up in after years, and bear fruit.

Says a dear friend who knew and loved him, "I have been looking over some of those notes and letters written by the dear sainted one so long ago, yet still as fresh and fragrant with affection, as if dated but yesterday. Few who have not written for the press have used their pens to better purpose. I wonder when I think of it, at the simplicity and sweetness with which he could address himself to children and young people, and that he could find

time, even in foreign lands, amid many objects to distract, to write with so much care to those who had so little claim upon him."

The earliest recollections of the writer are connected with the removal by death of the beloved wife and mother, from the happy home circle, which (although for many years an invalid) she had ever brightened by her presence. The tender and devoted affection, so long manifested for her, was henceforth transferred to the children now bereft of her care, her counsels and her prayers. Father—mother—friend—were united in him, so far as it was possible for these relations to be thus filled. No harsh word or tone can be recalled in all the years that followed, but in gentleness of speech, and a spirit of cheerful contentment and Christian resignation, his example was truly worthy of imitation,—it was indeed a living illustration of "the power of godliness."

While the influence of a life so consistent, a walk so pure and heavenly, can never fade from our memories, or cease to be cherished among those treasures which will survive the decay of all earthly things—it may be permitted us long blessed with an affection so tender and true and self-sacrificing, to bear a testimony which must be equally a pleasure to us, and a duty to those who shall come after us, since it is to the honor of His grace who called, justified, and now, we trust, has forever glorified him with Himself.

The Diary from which we make some extracts, was commenced in 1797, when the writer was but nineteen years of age. These extracts will reveal the spirit with which he regarded the varying scenes of life, and the gradual ripening of his character.

Repeated attacks of a nature which greatly prostrated his strength, (profuse bleeding from the nose,) led him early to serious reflection, and to consider his own hold on life, as frail. This consciousness led him to turn heavenward for strength and guidance, and *prayer* became to him in the language of the hymn he loved, 'his vital breath, his native air.' No circumstances were allowed to abridge these sacred seasons. Whether starting upon a journey, or detained by social enjoyments, the hours of sleep were shortened, but *never* the intercourse he so dearly prized. A great number of little papers containing a few short petitions, under different circumstances, show the constant bent and tenor of his mind.

1797. *February* 22. This being the birth-day of George Washington, the morning was ushered in by a discharge of cannon and the ringing of bells; the firing continued at short intervals all the day. A vast number of respectable citizens partook of an elegant entertainment at Concert Hall, where Federal toasts were drank in abundance. Several other dinners were given in various parts of the town. At night the Columbian Museum, Haymarket and Federal Street Theatres, all strove to outdo each other in marks of respect to our beloved President. At the Federal Street Theatre,

transparent paintings of arches, flowers, &c., were exhibited in front of the building. In the middle of the largest arch the letter W, about three feet long, was suspended from the top, and the different colored lamps placed behind, gave the whole a very pleasing and beautiful appearance. The entertainments inside were well-chosen for the occasion. The comedy was well performed, and its name, "The Man of Ten Thousand," was extremely apropos for the occasion. The Masonic Festival, the Equestrian Statue of Washington, the Eulogy on Freemasonry, "the Secret Discovered" by Mrs. Williamson, the dances by Mons. Lege, &c., were all highly diverting, and conducted with the strictest propriety. In the Pantomime, the performers being all in a row, they at the same time held up each a letter, which as they stood, formed the words "*Liberty and Independence.*" The next they held up was as sudden as unexpected and pleasing—the word *Washington!* Behind instantly arose, "He ne'er shall be forgot." Behind that, "*Huzza!*" These words were all composed of elegant gold letters, about a foot long.

23. A splendid Ball was given this evening at the Assembly Room, Federal Street, in honor of George Washington, succeeded by the most superb supper ever served to a Boston Company. Mrs. Adams, (the lady of the Vice President,) Governor Gill, the Judges of the Supreme Court, &c., honored the assembly with their presence.

24. Went to the Federal Street Theatre this evening. Performances were Comedy of "The Young Quaker, or Fair Philadelphia." "The Rural Fete and Wedding Day." Ticket in box No. 2, received from Mr. Amory.

March 10. Went to the play this evening, where the Tragedy of Mr. White's, called "Orlando, or Parental Persecution," was performed to a brilliant and applauding assembly, who testified their approbation of every line by continued clapping and huzzas. The Entertainments were, Ballet of "La Boiteuse" and "Peeping Tom of Coventry." Sat in Pit.

April 5. Extremely warm for the season. Mem. Ma and Charles went to Mr. Pigeon's farm at Newton this day—set off about half past nine, A. M., and got home about five, P. M.

10. Mem. Uncle John Hurd received this day a letter from a Mr. Nickols, at Halifax, giving him an account of the death of Uncle Jacob Hurd, æ. 71, who departed this life on Wednesday, the 22nd February last, and was interred on the Sunday following.

12. Permit me, oh my Heavenly Father, to offer to Thee my most unfeigned thanks for the goodness which Thou hast been pleased to extend towards me, from the hour of my birth to the present moment.

I thank Thee, that Thou hast suffered me to live to complete *nineteen* years since Thou sawest fit to place me in this world; every instant of which has been a monument of thy mercy. Thou hast relieved me in every difficulty, Thou hast been my guardian in every danger, Thou hast repeatedly raised me from the bed of sickness, Thou hast preserved me from pestilence, Thou hast protected me by day and watched over me by night, and oh, what unfit returns have I made Thee for such liberality; how badly have I rewarded Thee for such inestimable favors. Make me hereafter more thankful, and enable me to discharge my duty towards Thee in a more suitable and acceptable manner than I have ever

yet done. Continue, oh my God, Thy kindness to me, forsake me not, for if Thou dost desert me, I am an outcast indeed.

O God, I pray Thee to avert from this at present happy land, every impending danger; shield and protect it from the blows of its secret adversaries. Let present difficulties be surmounted by a mutual accommodating spirit; let not the horrid cry of war be heard within our streets, but let blessed peace and tranquillity reign triumphant in its stead. Guard our city from every danger, protect it from all enemies; when we retire to our beds, may we not be under these dreadful apprehensions from fire which have so recently been the case. Consign to endless darkness those base incendiaries who, for the sake of plunder, hesitate not to wrap a city in flames, and destroy that property which perhaps is the hard earnings of an industrious citizen.

Cherish and protect my parents in their declining years. Favor them with better health than they have lately had, establish it to them, and let their latter days not be ruffled with the pains of disease, nor the cross accidents of this life. Continue thy goodness to my brothers and sisters; wilt Thou assist them in weathering the storms of adversity, a portion of which falls to every one's share. I commit them and myself to that God who delights in mercy, whose "ways are pleasantness and whose paths are peace."

16. My father in the morning had a note up for the death of my mama's eldest brother Jacob.

May 11. Though the morning was delightful, not a cloud to obscure the face of day, and a gentle refreshing breeze from the S. W., yet indolence gained the victory, and I sluggardly hugged my pillow till past 8 o'clock.

Immediately on rising, those excellent lines of Thompson, " Falsely luxurious will not man awake," pressed on my mind with such force that at this moment I feel *almost* resolute enough to say that when I am well the Sun shall never gild the eastern horizon but in my presence.

12. On being awaked this morning, I instantly recollected my laziness yesterday, and so far obtained an advantage over my enemy Morpheus, as to get up at half past six.

15. By a Proclamation of President Adams some time since, the Congress of the United States of America are to assemble in the city of Philadelphia this day. May the finger of *Omnipotence* point to the adoption of such measures as shall be for the glory of God, the rights of this people, and the honor and dignity of our Government. May the arm of Heaven be stretched out to cause those measures to be executed in a proper manner, and may the Majesty of the Almighty awe the enemies of our happiness and the disturbers of our tranquillity to such a degree, that they may be led to abandon those plans and purposes which would involve America in the horrors and miseries of a destructive war.

21. Last evening came from New York, and was this day issued from the Centinel office, the speech of our illustrious President, John Adams, to the Congress of the United States, specially called together by him to act on matters of the greatest moment, no less than to determine whether we will remain free and independent citizens, or bow the supple knee of subjection, and become at once crouching, insignificant, detested slaves to the Government of France.

June 28. This morning, death cropped in its beauty a

fair, beloved flower, the solace of a widowed mother, and the darling of a fond circle of sisters and friends. Mr. C. T. Hubbard, aged 18 years, on the night of the 23d instant, was taken suddenly with a violent nervous fever, which at four o'clock this morning put an end to his existence. This early death of a person with whom I was so well acquainted, and in whose neighborhood I have lived for upwards of a year, has a peculiar call and with emphasis proclaims, "Be ye also ready." O God, we know not what a day may bring forth. Fit and prepare us for any event of thy providence, and when the grim tyrant summons a surrender, may we not be found wanting.

"Death's shafts fly *swift*, whose turn it next may be
Thou'st wisely ordered, none of us should see.
A prompt obedience to thy will we owe,
And those shall early reap, who early sow.
Great God, whene'er my soul shall quit this clay,
Wilt Thou receive it into realms of day."

July 4. *Anniversary of American Independence.* The Cavalry recently established in this town, made their first public appearance this day, and escorted Governor Sumner from and to his seat in Roxbury. It promises to be a useful engine in protecting and defending the liberties of the citizens of America. Though yet in its infancy, the eye that glances into futurity can foretell its rising importance and prophesy of the mighty deeds which shall be done by them hereafter.

8. At noon (for the first time) ascended into the cupola of the new State House, and spent an hour there in surveying the noble prospect from that superb building.

In one of the N. E. pannels, I wrote with a pencil Ludovico Look-forward, 8th July, 1797, W. H. S. W. with the following: May this stupendous structure, raised by the liberality of Massachusetts, be viewed by posterity as the gift of their ancestors, and while they feel grateful for such a rich inheritance, may they imitate the virtues and follow the examples of the illustrious patriots of this memorable century; may they never forget that their liberties are derived from the unparalleled exertions of a *Washington*, an Adams, and a Hancock.

October 21. To-day the frigate "Constitution" moved in her appointed element with ease and safety, and to the complete satisfaction and pleasure of numerous spectators. The thunder of applause echoed from shore to shore, and almost drowned the voice of roaring cannon which immediately succeeded the launch. The concourse of spectators was great. I should not exaggerate were I to state them at 20,000.

1798. *January* 11. At noon to-day the different branches of the State Legislature walked in procession to the new State House, and took possession of it. Dr. Thacher prayed very finely on the occasion. The House of Representatives, before leaving the old building, voted that the front seat, (the best in the new State House,) should be presented to the Boston members. This flattering mark of attention was acknowledged by Dr. Eustis in behalf of the Boston *seat*, after they had entered the new house.

February 2. Went from home after dinner at half past three; stopped at my friend Harris's about fifteen minutes, and from thence went to the store. I had not been there more than fifteen minutes, when the dreadful alarm

of *Fire* called me out, and when I arrived near it, behold it was the Federal Street Theatre, a building within thirty feet of my father's house. As I perceived it, my feet refused to perform their wonted office, and I should have fallen, had not the peculiarly distressing situation of my dear mama roused my sense, and left me sufficient strength to be a spectator of the scene, anticipating what I believed must inevitably ensue. But, heaven be praised! The wind being at W. S. W. rendered it just possible for people to remain on the top of the stable and kitchen and to wet every part of the roof. In the midst of this truly dreadful business, sister Phillips came from her house, quite unattended; she fainted, was revived by the assistance of the Misses Hall, and came circuitously to our house, and then fainted again, but seeing mama more comfortable than she had reason to expect, and the danger of our house taking fire momentarily decreasing, she soon became composed. The wind got W. N. W. at 11 P. M., and shifted at 3 A. M. to N. N. W., which again exposed us to considerable danger from sparks blowing under the eaves of the house. However, brothers Thomas, Charles and myself sat up the whole night, and we were out of danger at 9 A. M. I was very stiff and quite unwell this morning, walked out for two or three hours, but did not go to the store all day.

7. This morning my father purchased of Mr. William Welch a farm in Brookline, containing 33 acres of land, with stock, &c., for all of which he paid $7,000. The farm is five miles distant from Boston.

July 29. *Sunday.* Died at 2 P. M. to-day, Mr. Robert Paine, (son of Judge R. T. Paine.) This, with the melancholy instances of sudden death which have occur-

red within the week past, are solemn and affecting warnings to the living. How frail alas is man!

> "To-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms
> And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost."

How precarious the tenure by which life is held! The sun which rises upon our health, our comforts and our joys, may to us, have no setting!

31. At 6 A. M., went in our chaise to Brookline, and from thence to Dedham, accompanied by ma and brother Charles in another chaise, — arrived at Mr. Ferrole's about 10 A. M., and brother and sister Phillips reached there about half an hour after. About twelve o'clock, Mr. Haven (the minister at Dedham) united my brother Thomas in the bands of matrimony with Miss Elizabeth Feroline.

August 27. At 11 A. M., I left Boston on account of the fever which is prevalent there, and came to the farm.

October 6. This afternoon I finished reading the "Iliad" of Homer as translated by the inimitable Pope. Too inexperienced to form an accurate judgment, and conscious of my inability to criticise, I can only in general terms, extol it for sublimity of imagination, morality of sentiment, and splendor of diction.

11. Rode with Elijah in the chaise down as far as Bayley the Baker's, on Roxbury Neck, called at Mr. Hunting's, and learned that my aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Walley, (relict of my late uncle, Rev. John Walley,) expired this morning. She was seventy-one years of age on the 4th September last. * * * * *

13. Attended this afternoon the funeral of my late aunt, Mrs. E. Walley. Her remains were deposited in a tomb in Roxbury burying ground, and from thence conveyed in the evening to my father's family tomb in Boston Common burying ground. Her pall-bearers were Rev. Dr. Howard, Rev. Mr. West, Rev. Dr. Lathrop, Dr. Tappan, (Professor of Divinity,) Rev. Dr. Eliot, and Rev. Dr. Eckley.

18. The "Boston Light Infantry" Company, composed of young men under twenty-one years, commanded by Daniel Sargent, Jr., made their first public appearance this day. They were in perfect uniform, and the choice of it discovered superior taste. At half past eleven they received from Mrs. Stephen Higginson, Jr., through the hands of her husband, an elegant standard, for which they gave three cheers, and then marched to the Common. Their Captain gave them a superb entertainment at Concert Hall.

28. *Sunday.* Went in our chaise with Mary (a domestic) over to the farm. Dined there, and at 4 P. M., left it with brother Charles.

December 2. *Sunday.* Mem. This afternoon were entombed the remains of Mr. Daniel Rea, husband of my aunt Rea. He was eighty-seven years of age. He died on the evening of last Wednesday.

31. Great Parent of the universe, permit me, with the deepest contrition, to approach Thy Throne, to offer up my acknowledgements for Thy past goodness, and my petitions for a continuance of Thy protection. Vain would be the attempt to enumerate the blessings Thou hast bestowed on me in the progress of the last year. From the distressing calamity which lately visited this town, Thou hast preserved me and my connections.

Through Thy bounty we are supplied with the conveniences and many of the delights of life. And Thou hast given me in the course of the last year more health than I remember to have enjoyed for many preceding ones.

Wilt Thou, who art the great Physician, look with an eye of pity on the situation of my dearest mother, and oh, if it be consistent with Thy great designs, restore her to health; let her usefulness be continued to her friends, and spare her for many years to come.

Continue kindly to support my father under the pressure of his years and of those infirmities incident to age.

Cease not, Beneficent Author of Good, to guide and protect my brothers and sisters, in the paths Thou hast destined them to pursue.

May we all have it in our power at the close of our pilgrimage, to reflect upon lives well spent in the service of our Maker, and in the advancement of our neighbor's happiness, always remembering that "no life is more pleasing to God, than that which is useful to man."

Wilt Thou still preserve me through the approaching year, and those which may succeed, (if Thou shouldst continue me so long,) and in every situation in which by Thy providence I may be placed, wilt Thou yield me that support and assistance which man at his best estate, and youth in an eminent degree, so incessantly requires.

1799. *January* 1. Mem. Brother T. W., Jr., with his wife, came in town this morning and dined with us. At 8 P. M., I went to Dearborn's Hall and attended a lecture by John Stewart, the traveler, introductory to a course of lectures which he proposes to deliver on the Human Understanding.

10. Mem. My mother was delirious this afternoon and evening for the first time during her illness.

13. *Sunday.* Went to Dr. Howard's meeting this morning. A Mr. Stone preached from Matt. v. 16. My father and children asked by note the prayers of the W. B. Society this morning.

21. Mem. Cousin Nabby Langdon watched with ma last night, and breakfasted with us this morning. Spent the evening with my friend, C. Sigourney, Jr., at his father's store. Mem. Sister Phillips omitted spending this day with us. She has been with us every day for near a fortnight past.

31. Hired this day of Messrs. Furness & Walley, Store No. 34, Long Wharf, rent to commence on 2nd February next, at $ 300 per year, allowing them the use of the third story.

April 13. Walked before breakfast to the end of Long Wharf and in the Mall with my friend, C. S., Jr. This evening bade adieu to the store of my respected friend, Mr. T. C. Amory, in capacity of apprentice; in whose counting room I have spent many happy hours, and in which I have obtained the knowledge I possess of mercantile affairs.

The failing health of his mother is frequently referred to with deep solicitude. The sad event, which removed her from a large circle by whom she was greatly beloved, is here recorded.

April 16. My mother breathed her last at a quarter past five P. M. I trust and sincerely believe, that she is now happy in heaven, and in full communion with her God and Saviour. To eulogize the character of my departed

mother in the manner it deserves, would be a task impossible for me to perform. Her virtues are deeply engraven on my mind, and to imitate all her amiable Christian qualities, is now my only duty. O God, it is Thou who sendest afflictions as well as blessings. May this solemn and distressing event make such an impression on my mind, as shall inspire me more than ever with a love of religion, virtue and holiness. May I ever be prepared to meet death, as I know not how soon or how suddenly it may overtake me. My dear departed parent was born 24th January, 1738.

20. This afternoon were entombed the remains of my dear and honored mother. The pall bearers were Samuel Eliot, Esq., Henry Hill, Esq., Stephen Gorham, Esq., Samuel Salisbury, Esq., Doctor Aaron Dexter and William Phillips, Jr., Esq. * * * * *

Thou God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

Parent and Husband, guard and guide,
O God, Thou art each name in one;
On Thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from Thee alone.

May 5. *Sunday.* Went to Dr. Thacher's meeting this afternoon. Dr. Thacher's text was in Ephesians, v. 16. Mem. Saw brother Phillips's daughter baptized, her name, Sarah Hurd, being the original name of my dear departed mother, and named particularly for her.

31. Attended the meeting of the "Charitable Fire Society" at the Chapel this afternoon, and heard John

Davis, Esq., deliver an address; also, heard Mr. Paine's new song, "To Arms," sung by Mr. Rea.

June 7. Increase Sumner departed this life in the fifty-third year of his age. He was amiable in every department of society. His life was a public blessing, his death is a public calamity. He has left an affectionate family with numerous friends to lament his exit, and the Commonwealth to mourn the departure of an able and extraordinarily worthy chief magistrate. He was truly "a Christian from inquiry, and a Patriot from principle."

12. This afternoon were deposited in the Common Burying Ground, the remains of his late Excellency Governor Sumner. The splendor of the funeral procession has perhaps never been equalled in this town. The spectators were extremely numerous. The colors of the shipping in port were half-mast. Minute guns were fired from 1 P. M. until 7. The loss of Governor Sumner is truly great and distressing.

August 6. Rose at half past five this morning. Wind S. W. Walked in the Mall before breakfast. In the evening, walked in the old Mall, where I met my friend Jonathan P——, with his amiable sister M., whom I joined at the latter part of their walk.

7. Dined with sister P., at her house alone. (Mr. P. dined at William P.'s, Esq.) At three-quarters past five P. M., went with brother Phillips in his chaise, about four miles out, Dorchester road; returning, were caught in a shower by Mr. Morton's villa.

12. Walked in the Mall alone, ruminating upon the important subject which absorbs all my attention.

A deep and reverential regard for the Scriptures is apparent at this early period. This regard increased

with years and the diligent study of the sacred page. He read in connection with them various Commentaries then most in use. Doddridge, Scott, McKnight, Henry, were attentively and carefully pondered with ever-growing enjoyment and profit.

October 13. *Sunday.* Finished reading to-day the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, which I began the 27th June, 1797. This is the first time I ever went regularly through them. Not versed in the intricacies of theology, and but a pupil in the school of argument, it would exceed the narrow capacities of my mind to adduce in logical order my reasons for the faith that is in me. But my sincere belief is that the New Testament, of itself, is sufficient to direct the conduct of man; that it teaches all the duties of the Christian, and that the hopes which it exhibits to believers of a future and blessed state beyond the grave are sufficiently bright and alluring to strengthen, to encourage and to animate all those who attentively consider, or seriously weigh them. I believe it to be the Word of God, spoken to a fallen world through Jesus Christ His blessed Son, and man's adorable Redeemer. I earnestly beseech my Heavenly Father to suffer the truths which I have studied, to sink deep into my soul; to inspire me with a greater reverence for His glorious name, and with a more ardent affection for the crucified Saviour, whose atonement for the sins of mankind was conceived in the most exalted love, and wrought by the sacrifice of his own precious blood. The guilt of man was expiated by this free-will offering; the burden of our iniquity Jesus sustained upon the cross, and cleansed us from sin by the sacrifice of his life. Through

Christ, the blessed and acceptable Mediator, may I approach the Majesty of the Most High, and with sincere contrition ask His pardoning mercy and assisting grace. Whether in sickness or in health, in life or in death, I am in Thy hands, Eternal Father, and wilt Thou afford me that protection, counsel, relief and support which at all periods in life, I shall so eminently require.

November 14. Brother Thomas and wife, with brother and sister Phillips and children, dined with us this day.

15. Brother Thomas, with his wife and child, returned for Dedham this afternoon. Spent the evening at sister Phillips's, in company with William Phillips, Jr., Esq., and lady, and Miss Miriam Phillips, (my amiable and lovely friend,) Widow Phillips, Mrs. Samuel Cooper and Miss Sally Wendell. Went home with Mrs. Cooper and Miss Wendell.

December 4. Mem. Attended the Federal St. theatre this evening, (for the first time this season,). Sat in box No. 6, with my friend J. P. The play was Shakespeare's first part of King Henry Fourth, or the humors of Sir John Falstaff.

20. Clear and cold. About 9 A. M., set off for Dedham, in pa's sleigh, with brother Phillips's horse, accompanied by brother Phillips ; reached Dedham about quarter past eleven, A. M. Saw brother Thomas's daughter christened by Mr. Matignon. Dined with brother Thomas in company with Mr. Gallet, brother Phillips, Dr. Matignon, Mr. Ferrole, &c. Left his house about quarter before four, P. M., and reached Boston in two hours.

In the afternoon I went to the Chapel and heard Josiah Quincy, Esq., pronounce an Address before the "Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society," upon the principles of

the institution. The assembly was large, the music, vocal and instrumental, excellent; the prayers of Mr. Kirkland, fervent and devout; and the Address of Mr. Quincy, classical and erudite.

23. Intelligence the most distressing reached town this morning, of the sudden decease of that great and good man, GEORGE WASHINGTON. The bells tolled from 1 to 2, P. M., stores, shops, &c., were closed after 1, P. M., and all business suspended. He died the 14th inst.

29. *Sunday.* Went to meeting all day; Dr. Howard preached both parts. * * * * His text in the afternoon in Eccl. vii. 14: "In the day of adversity consider." In this discourse he portrayed, with skill, the character of our beloved deceased; of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The pulpit was shrouded with black cloth, and an appropriate anthem closed the solemnities of this afternoon.

January 9, 1800. A splendid procession, consisting of at least ten thousand persons, chiefly citizens of the town, proceeded at half past twelve from the New State House, to the Old South Meeting House, where a Eulogy was pronounced upon George Washington, the father of his country, the friend of man, by Geo. R. Minot, Esq., A. M., A. A. S. No business was done during the day; no stores or offices opened; public offices closed, and every one dedicated the day to sorrow and to Washington. The Eulogy of Judge Minot speaks its own praise. Without high wrought periods, or an attempt at bombast, it is sufficiently animated to evince the writer's sincerity, and amply pathetic to draw tears from the reader.

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February 8. Heard this day a Eulogy upon the "sublime virtues of the deceased Washington," pronounced by Fisher Ames, Esq., in the Old South Meeting House.

21. Rode with my friend J. P., (in our chaise,) to Cambridge. Heard Mr. Alston and Mr. Watson pronounce a Poem and an Oration upon the character of George Washington, the good. Heard President Willard pray and pronounce a Latin Eulogium upon Washington. Dined with pa at Bro. Phillips's.

22. Anniversary of the birth day of George Washington, the saviour of America and the benefactor of mankind. Attended Dr. Howard's meeting this morning, where I heard a prayer from Dr. H., and a solemn hymn. At the other places of public worship similar services were performed. The Legislature, escorted by the Cadet Company, went in procession to Dr. Thacher's church, where Dr. T. delivered, at their request, a discourse adapted to the mournful occasion. At Mr. Payne's school, in Federal Street, some young gentlemen read the farewell address of President Washington; a Miss Payne, daughter of the master, pronounced some affecting lines, and a son of Mr. C. Sigourney delivered a brief eulogium, prepared by Rev. Mr. Kirkland.

March 4. Spent the evening at William Phillips, Jr., Esq's house, where there were about twenty-five young ladies, and fifteen or sixteen young gentlemen. They danced till about quarter past twelve at night. My friend J. P. and his sister M., gave the ball. Though I was not an active guest, I was yet a highly gratified one.

18. Workmen began yesterday, (being St. Patrick's day,) to break ground on the west side of my father's house, for the purpose of erecting a Catholic Church.

28. Dined at Brother Phillips's, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Gannett, Judge Wendell, lady and daughter, Mrs. and Miss Cooper, William Cooper, Esq., and my father.

April 25. Finished reading, this day, the instructive meditations of that excellent Emperor, Marcus Antoninus.

May 11. *Sunday.* Went to Dr. Howard's meeting this morning. Mr. Kirkland preached; his text was in Matt. xxv. 19. Went to Brookline in the afternoon, with Brother Phillips, and returned at 7, P. M. Dined with pa at Brother Phillips's.

Attended this evening the Federal Caucus at Concert Hall, with my friend C. S., Jr., and J. P. The Caucus was for the purpose of fixing on Representatives to the General Court. H. G. Otis addressed the audience in a noble speech of an hour's length.

21. *Wednesday.* Died at 12 o'clock, at midnight, His Honor, Moses Gill, Lt. Governor and Commander in Chief. The bells tolled one hour, from 6 to 7 o'clock.

30. Hon. Caleb Strong was this day escorted into Boston by a great body of its citizens, on horse-back and in carriages. He was qualified as Governor, and proclaimed as such at 12 o'clock at noon.

July 4. Anniversary of American Independence. At seven, A. M., set off with my friend J. P., in a chaise for Nahant, which we reached (after waiting and breakfasting at Lynn about an hour) at half past ten, A. M. The company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, brother and sister P., Mr. and Mrs. Quincy, Mr. J. White and Miss Sally Wendell, Mr. J. P. and myself. Fished till half past two, P. M. Dined at three, P. M. Afterwards we all walked to what is called the Swallow's Nest; went between the rocks in which the swallows build. It is

called the Gallery. Afterwards viewed the Bridge under which the surf rises and washes the high land above. Parson Bentley, of Salem, whom we met on the rock, accompanied us in our walk, and explained the prospects, curiosities, &c. Mrs. Quincy sang the beautiful song of "The Little Sailor Boy," after dinner. Left Nahant at three-quarters past five, P. M. We all stopped and supped at Newhall's, in Lynn, on our return, from whence we started for Boston about eight, P. M. Reached town about quarter past nine, P. M., without the smallest accident having befallen any of the company. The day was exactly what was to be wished, and the pleasures of the day were incomparably great.

16. Commencement at Cambridge. I stayed in town all day, as did my friends, Jonathan Phillips and C. Sigourney, Jr. Walked with them in the afternoon for an hour and a half. At six, P. M., I went to William Phillips, Esq.'s house, and had the pleasure of drinking tea with Miss Miriam Phillips, Miss S. Mason, and my friend, Jonathan Phillips. Miss Mason belongs to Newport, R. I. I was introduced to her acquaintance this afternoon for the first time. Mr. Phillips and lady, with Miss Abigail their daughter, arrived in town about half past seven, P. M., from Dedham. Gov. Trumbull, of Connecticut, who attended the exercises at Cambridge, and who tarries at Mr. Phillips's, came in about three-quarters past seven, P. M., to him I was introduced by my friend, J. P., his father being absent from the room on the Governor's entering.

18. Walked in the Mall this evening about half past seven, P. M., where I met my friend, J. P., with his amiable sister Miriam and Miss Trumbull, (daughter of Gov. Trumbull, of Connecticut.) I walked in the Mall

with them for fifteen or twenty minutes and afterwards accompanied them as far as Mr. Foster's, No. 8 Franklin Place, whither they were going to visit.

31. Set off about half past seven, A. M., in a two masted boat in company with William Phillips, Esq., Gen. Winslow and Major Cunningham, with my friend J. P., a Mr. Beck, and eight or ten children of Major C., and Gen. W. with Capt. West, skipper of the boat, his attendant and two of his children, for fishing below. We went off the Graves, (so called,) about six miles below the Light. Fished from half past eleven, A. M., to half past twelve, P. M. Left the ground at that time and came up to Long Island, where we went on shore, cooked our chowder, and tarried till about half past four, P. M. We then prepared to return and had reached the boat, when a violent squall came on; it rained furiously and blew a perfect hurricane, for a few minutes, tearing asunder the large tree under which we dined, and cleaving down another on a neighboring eminence. After the shower was over, several of us went to the house on the island and dried our clothing a little, after which we returned to the boat and proceeded for Boston, where we arrived about quarter past nine o'clock, after having experienced more rain on our passage from the island. There was very little thunder or lightning, but the family on the island observed it was the severest wind they had known except one, since they had been on the island, which is ten years. We caught sixty cod and haddock. This is the first time I ever went as far, or beyond the Light. I caught one cod, the first I ever took. It was very warm in the morning, and scarcely any air, wind S. W., and N. W. after the squall.

August 12. My friend, Jonathan Phillips and his

amiable sister, set off this morning on a journey for Northampton, and Lebanon, in Connecticut.

September 16. Pa went to the farm this morning. Dined with me to-day, Mr. Garret Haws, of Anguilla; Mr. William Redney, of Trinidad; Mr. Zalmon Wheeler, of St. Johns, N. B.; and my friends, J. Phillips, J. Harris, and C. Sigourney, with Mr. J. I. Linzee.

17. I spent this evening in a highly agreeable manner at the house of William Phillips, Jr., in company with my amiable friend Miss M. P. and my friend J. P.

October 12. Went to Dr. Morse's meeting in Charlestown all day, with Bro. Phillips; sat in J. Harris's pew. Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, preached both parts. His text in the morning in Eccl. ix. 10; in the afternoon, Eccl. xii. 7. Many persons went from Boston to attend his preaching to-day. He is graceful in his figure, with a full but pleasing and animated countenance, a high, smooth forehead and piercing eye, and possesses an uncommonly strong, clear, and melodious voice. His diction was pure, correct and brilliant.

30. Anniversary of the birth day of John Adams, President of the United States. I dined at Concert Hall with a large company to celebrate the birth day of our illustrious Chief. This has been a high day for all true Federalists.

April 13, 1801. My friends John Harris, J. Phillips, and Joseph Tilden, with brother Phillips, dined with me this day, with pa and Charles, in celebration of my birth day.

May 23. Rode over to the farm this afternoon with Bro. Phillips, returned about six o'clock, P. M. Returning met my amiable friend Miss Miriam Phillips, with

her brother Jonathan, (in their carriage,) riding for her health, of which she has for some time past been deprived. This is the first time I have had the happiness of seeing her since her illness. May her health still continue to amend, and may she enjoy hereafter a rich and liberal share of that invaluable blessing.

January 10, 1802. *Sunday.* Went to meeting all day. Dr. Howard preached both parts. His text was (morning and afternoon) Acts xvii. 10, 11, and first part of 12th verse, as far as "believed."

Mem. My brother Charles was this afternoon propounded for admission into the church.

18. Spent, or was spending the evening at sister Phillips's, in company with my amiable friend Miss M. P., Miss R. S., and her sister Miss Betsy, with Miss Maria P., of Cambridge, and my friend Jonathan P., when the town was alarmed by the cry of fire. This was about seven o'clock, P. M. It proved to be the dwelling house, shop, &c., of two carpenters, by the name of Goff, near Fort Hill. I tarried at the fire until eight, P. M., and returned to sister P.'s, found her pleasant party dispersed and Miss Betsy S. only remaining. Spent a half hour there. Mr. Samuel S. attended his sister Betsy home.

Thus was my prospect of an agreeable evening in the society of those amiable fair ones, whose conversation and smiles exhilarate the heart, changed to a mournful spectacle of a dwelling in flames, its industrious tenants deprived of a shelter, of a young child consumed by the dread element, and an extensive neighborhood trembling and terrified lest their abodes should next become a prey of fire.

February 7. *Sabbath.* Brother C. was this morning admitted a member of the church, at Dr. Howard's.

21. Went up to my cousin Nat. Furness' this morning after meeting, to inquire into the state of my Aunt Rea's health, which is extremely disordered.

March 14. *Sunday.* Went to meeting all day. Dr. Howard preached both parts. His text in the morning was in 1 John ii. 17. "The world passeth away and the lust thereof." In the afternoon, James ii. 12. These were two solemn, serious and important discourses.

July 29. *Thursday.* Went to Nahant this day with Mrs. S. Cooper, in a chaise of Niles. Set off about three quarters past six, A. M. Breakfasted at Palmer's in company with Mr. Jonathan P., and Miss Martha H. in one chaise, and Mr. Edward P. in another. In addition to these, were of the party—Mr. William P., Jr., and lady, Miss Miriam P., (my amiable friend,) Miss Susan M., (of Newport,) Miss Abigail P., and brother and sister P.

We arrived at Nahant about half past ten, A. M. Dined about half past one, P. M., after having fished. About three, P. M. walked out to the swallow's nest, &c., with Miss M. P., Mrs. C., Miss Susan M., Miss H., &c. Took coffee at Palmer's returning, and got into town about quarter past eight, P. M.

October 3. *Sunday.* Having on the last Sabbath afternoon been propounded to the church, (Dr. Howard's,) I was this day admitted and partook of the sacrament, I hope and trust with right feelings and views, relying upon God, and the aid of His good Spirit; looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith, I would devote and give up myself unto my Maker, I would employ all my faculties in His service, and trusting for salvation in the

merits of my blessed Redeemer. I would live the life that I live in the flesh, by faith in the Son of God,—and in humble hope of a blessed immortality, would fervently pray, that when my soul is required of me, I may be ready and willing to quit this house of clay, and be enabled to give up my account with joy.

About this time he records the marriage engagement entered into with his "amiable friend," Miss Miriam Phillips. On Tuesday, January 4, 1803, occurs the following record.

This evening I was united to my dear and excellent friend, Miriam Phillips. The ceremony took place at her father's house. The company consisted of Mrs. William Phillips, Sen., Mrs. (grandma) Mason, Mrs. (aunt) Powell, Miss Bromfield, Mrs. Jonathan Mason, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William Powell, Mr. Benjamin Clark, Mr. Christopher Clark, my father, brothers Thomas and Charles, and John Phillips, with sister T. Walley, Jr., uncle and aunt Furness, aunt Hall, aunt B. Hurd, my friend Joseph Tilden, Miss Rebecca Salisbury, Dr. Howard and Dr. Eckley. Dr. E. officiated principally. Dr. H. made the concluding prayer.

January 9. *Sunday.* Went to Dr. Eckley's meeting with my wife all day. Dr. Kirkland preached in the morning; his text was in 2 Kings, xxii. 19: "Because their heart was tender." Dr. Eckley preached in the afternoon; his text was in Eccl. iii. 2: "A time to be born and a time to die."

15. This afternoon my wife and self quitted our

father (Phillips's) house, and removed to our own in Oliver street.

February 13. *Sunday.* Went with Mrs. W. to Dr. Eckley's meeting all day. Mr. Salisbury preached in the morning; Dr. Eckley in the afternoon. Partook this morning with the communicants of the Old South church.

May 8. *Sunday.* Went to the Old South meeting this A. M. Dr. Eckley preached from Rom. xiv. 17. Went to the Federal street meeting this afternoon. Mr. Channing preached from Job, i. 21. The sermon was occasioned by the death of Mrs. Thomas Davis.

September 4. Went to (Federal street) meeting all day. Mr. Channing preached both parts. Partook this forenoon with Mrs. W. for the first time at the Lord's table with Mr. Channing's church.

The record of the birth of his first child, a beautiful boy, named William Phillips, which occurs here, Thursday, January 12, 1804, is followed by a prayer full of tender and earnest petitions for wisdom rightly to train him, that he may live to be an instrument of great good in the world, and adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour.

After nine happy months, this sweet bud was removed from their tender care by the Heavenly Gardener, to blossom in a brighter clime. It was his first near sorrow since the loss of his mother, but it was received submissively as from the hand of One who loves equally when He *takes* as when He *gives*. We quote some of his words.

It is painful indeed to nature to part with the objects we love. How distressing it is to part with a beautiful and promising child, a parent only can know. I have been the melancholy spectator of my child's last moments. I hovered around his body while his spirit yet animated it, but the last pulse has throbbed, and he is now released from his infant prison to dwell in the world of spirits.

As he was mine by nature, I trust he was his Heavenly Father's by adoption. At his birth, at his baptism, and often since, have I dedicated him to God, desiring that if his life was spared it might be spent in the service of his Maker, or that if his days here below were to be few, he might be translated from earth to heaven, and be forever with his God. I hope, I believe, that he is now gone to enjoy his Saviour. His race on earth was short. He seemed to taste of life only that he might see its vanity, and left it for more substantial joys. Sensibly as I feel this afflictive providence, I desire not to indulge one murmuring thought. I *received* him as a *loan*, not as a *gift;* and He who gives me all I enjoy, and is the author of all the hopes which I cherish, has seen fit in His infinite wisdom, (and with a purpose of love, I verily believe,) to take into His own hands the charge He had committed to mine. "Shall He not do what He will with His own?" and must not "the Judge of all the earth do right?" Though my fond expectations are blasted, though the goodly fabric I had erected, is in a moment levelled to the ground, though *my* schemes for the future of my child are all in an instant defeated, yet it is a consideration which cheers and supports me, (and the only one which can at this period,) that God's purpose cannot be shaken, that *His* schemes cannot be frustrated. And, as all His aim must be the promotion of His own glory,

whatever is necessary in His plan for that end, His creatures should rejoice in.

It is my desire to view this providence as a message from heaven. It is perhaps to chasten me for having hugged the comfort too closely to my bosom, and been tempted to forget the *Author* in the *blessing*. Or, it may be sent me to prove irresistibly the truth of what the Scriptures and observation continually teach, that every thing here below is vanity; that man cometh forth as a flower, that he appeareth as a vapor, and is suddenly no more; or it may be sent to warn me to prepare for my own end. I cannot but view it as a Father's chastisement, as *coming directly from the God of Love*. I desire to improve it to those purposes for which it was sent. May it not be in vain that I suffer, and may I hereafter have abundant reason to say, "It is good for me that the hand of God has touched me."

I earnestly desire that this solemn visitation may quicken me in my Christian course, that it may withdraw my affections more from earthly things, and tend to fix them more strongly on those which are above. I desire that my heart may be impressed, that I may perceive the greatness of my sins, the ruin of my soul by nature, the astonishing love of God in the gift of His Son, and the freeness and richness of His grace in the Gospel. I desire more sensibly to feel my constant dependence upon God for strength and support, and to realize that I am ever in His hands. I desire most humbly and fervently that I may be prepared for my own departure hence. I know not how soon or how suddenly I may be called to give up my account to God. I feel that this body which I inhabit is feeble and decaying. It does not promise a long continuance, and how soon I may be summoned to

follow my child, I know not; but this is my most earnest prayer, that I may glorify God in the world, do faithfully the work He assigns me, and in the hour of death be enabled to triumph over the king of terrors, to "know whom I have believed," and joyfully to commit my spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. Blessed God! in that solemn moment may my hope be firm, well grounded, and full of immortality.

I desire most earnestly that this affliction may be sanctified to my own family and those connected with it. May it lead all to serious contemplation, to good resolutions, and be a means of opening many hearts to the reception and love of divine truth, and solicitude for their own salvation. May it in a particular manner be sanctified to my beloved partner, who feels most keenly our common loss. May her supports be derived from her covenant God, who has engaged never to leave nor forsake her. May His countenance be displayed to her in love, and a Father's hand be evident in her affliction.

1805. *May* 10. *Friday.* Lodged last night at our new residence in Atkinson Street.

1806. *September* 5. *Friday.* At about half past twelve o'clock, my beloved father was released from his weakness and infirmities, and entered, as I trust, into his everlasting rest. * * * * He has been gradually failing since the 30th March last, and appeared sensible that his days were about being finished. He uniformly expressed his gratitude to God for all the goodness he had shown him during his long life, expressed his sorrow that his earlier years were not marked by religion, and his thankfulness for being inclined in after life to name the name

of Christ. A day or two before his departure he expressed a wish to be released from the body and to enter into rest, but immediately recalled it, so far as to intimate his submission to the divine will, and his readiness to wait his appointed time. "God forgive me," twice repeated, were nearly the last words he uttered.

6. *Saturday.* This afternoon were entombed the remains of my beloved parent. The Rev. Mr. Lowell officiated in prayer. The pall-bearers were Col. Dawes, Dea. Charles Cushing, Samuel Salisbury, Esq., Samuel Eliot, Dr. Dexter, and Nath'l Balch, Esq.

Having suffered from repeated and alarming attacks of bleeding at the nose, which greatly prostrated his strength, he thus writes after one of them.

May I realize more than ever the uncertainty of life, health, and all earthly possessions, and may I sit more loosely to them all, be quickened to aspire and seek after eternal blessings, the favor of God, and a union in heart and temper to my adorable and blessed Redeemer. May I covet earnestly the best gifts, even the love of my Saviour and the abiding influences of the Holy Spirit. May I be more resolute than ever in opposing the corrupt inclinations of my own heart, the temptations of the great enemy of souls, and the allurements of a vain and vicious world. May I, in the strength of Jesus, come off more than conqueror, and give to Him the glory of all my victories. Blessed God! work in me to do Thy whole will. Make me grateful to those beloved friends who have ministered to me in my sickness, anticipated all my wants, and affectionately supplied them. Do Thou

reward them for their labors of love, and grant them the richest of Thy blessings, an interest in Thy Son.

To Thee, oh my God, who wert the author and art the constant supporter of my being, from whom I derive the comforts of this world, and by whose rich, free and unmerited grace I enjoy the hope of a happy immortality, through the cleansing blood of my crucified Redeemer, to Thee do I dedicate all my powers of body and of soul. Make me live to Thee. Make me to adorn that glorious gospel I have professed. Make me to walk by the faith of the Son of God, as a pilgrim here, and a humble expectant of unspeakable and endless happiness in the kingdom of heaven.

January 1, 1807, we find the first mention of the future pastor of the Old South church.

Attended Federal street lecture this evening. A Mr. Huntington preached. His text was in Proverbs: "What profit shall we have if we pray unto him."

Several pages are left vacant, as if for an abstract of the discourse. His habit was always to record the texts of all the sermons to which he listened, frequently giving an outline more or less extended.

April 9. Fast through the State. I was much impressed this day in reading some parts of Orton's Life of Doddridge, especially those parts respecting the improvement and distribution of his time, and his constancy and delight in secret prayer. What a model is Doddridge! How am I reproved for my sluggishness, my barrenness, my formality, my ingratitude. In words,

I have dedicated myself soul and body to God, but how little of this entire devotion have I expressed in my conduct. Gracious and forgiving God! heal, I beseech Thee, my backslidings, recover me to Thyself. Destroy the power of sin within me, increase my love to Thee; bring me more and more to rejoice, to trust and to delight in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, and may I continually be aspiring after conformity to what is imitable in His glorious character.

12. *Lord's Day.* Attended church all day. Rev. Mr. Channing preached both parts. His text morning and afternoon was in Eph. vi. 1, 2. These discourses were upon the duties of children to parents, and on the means which parents were to use to secure to themselves the respect, the affection, the gratitude, the submission, and the entire confidence of their offspring. Most excellent discourses.

On this day, which places me in my thirtieth year, would I recollect and record the goodness of my God. "Hitherto He has helped me." He has been my refuge and defense, a present help in trouble. He has encompassed me with blessings, and though I have so often ungratefully abused His bounty, He still mercifully upholds me. How deserving is He of my whole heart, my best, my undivided affections. May I yield for the future a more cordial and willing obedience to all His commands, and make His service, which is true and perfect freedom, my greatest delight.

Warned as I have been, in the course of the past year, of the weakness of my body, and the great uncertainty of life, may I, in the strength of my Saviour, practice the resolutions I formed in the days of sickness, when time appeared to me of more value than ever, and when

neglected opportunities of usefulness were remembered with keen regret. May I now improve the health I enjoy, to the glory of God my Preserver, and be active in accomplishing all the good it is in my power to communicate to my fellow creatures. Especially may I seek their spiritual welfare, and may I be always impressed with the importance of exhibiting in my own life and conversation, the transforming effects of that glorious gospel which I profess to love, and which I recommend to them.

1808. *May* 18. Rev. J. Huntington was ordained this day colleague with Rev. Dr. Eckley, minister of the Old South Church. Father Phillips and brothers dined with the church company.

July 24. *Sabbath.* After service this afternoon, the brethren of the church remained, and Rev. Mr. Channing communicated Mr. Thomas McClure's and my acceptance of the office of Deacon. He then prayed with us. May the Lord make us faithful servants!

December 11. *Lord's Day.* Rev. Mr. C. preached all day. Text in the afternoon, Matt. xv. 8: "This people draweth nigh to me with their mouth," &c. In this discourse he showed the inefficacy, the sin, and the peculiar danger of formal, hypocritical prayers. A very searching, excellent sermon.

I desire to take shame to myself when I consider my coldness, my formality, my want of affection in my addresses to God. I am sometimes tempted to think that they are all hypocritical, and merely to preserve appearances, or to lull my conscience. But can this be? Have I no true love to my great Creator, my kind and constant Preserver? No genuine affection toward that compassionate, condescending Saviour, who has done and

suffered so much to obtain for me pardon and everlasting blessedness? Have I no regard to that gracious Spirit which hath striven with me so much and so long? O yes; mingled with vast ingratitude, with astonishing stupidity, with dreadful coldness, yet can I not say, O thou Searcher of hearts, that there is some sincerity in my heart, some genuine repentance of sin, some real attachment to my God and Saviour, some earnest desire after conformity to that bright example which my Redeemer hath left, some faint but sincere exertion to be a Christian indeed.

O blessed Spirit! Thou quickener of the spiritually dead, abide with me continually as my guide and comforter. Instruct me in and urge me to the performance of every duty, and may I not faint or be weary in my Christian course.

1809. *March* 26. Rev. Mr. Channing preached in the afternoon from Ps. xxvi. 8: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house," &c. This discourse was occasioned by the contemplated destruction of our present house of worship in the course of this week, in which we shall consequently never meet again. His discourse was appropriate, solemn and affecting.

November 23. I attended this morning at the dedication of the new house of worship just erected in Federal street. Rev. Dr. Kirkland offered the prayers before sermon, which was delivered by Rev. Mr. Channing. Rev. Dr. Lothrop offered the closing prayer. The services were solemn and highly interesting. Rev. Mr. C.'s text was in Ps. c. 2, 4: "Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise."

May the House which we have reared, be ever sacred to the worship of God; may the Church there be enlarged and purified, and may the truth as it is in Jesus, be faithfully and successfully declared to the latest posterity. May I in this House of Prayer enjoy sweet intercourse with my Father in Heaven, discover my Divine Saviour in the breaking of bread, and be comforted, quickened and supported by all the exercises I may be permitted to join in. Here in this Temple, may I catch the spirit of worshipers above, and be trained up for an eternal union with them, for a participation in the services and joys of that "Temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

A pleasant summer home, constantly referred to as "the Farm," situated in Brookline, had now been the resort of the family during two seasons. From their pleasant circle of friends, some one or more were continually passing back and forth, giving and receiving pleasure, and the health of the beloved wife and mother, always delicate, seemed to improve through the cheerful out-door life, which was thus made more easy. Many pleasant journeys were also undertaken in the old-fashioned, independent style, in their own vehicle, with some friend,—stopping as inclination or convenience prompted, wherever there was promise of pleasure or improvement. The devoted sister, whose name so often occurs in these pages, and whose unvarying affection has long been extended to the children of that beloved one, frequently made one of the party.

It was at the close of one of these pleasant seasons, December, 1809, that the mother's health began to decline, and finally, by severe and alarming attacks of illness, she was brought to the borders of the grave. She addressed precious words of comfort to him, in the full prospect of a separation. The mother's heart also yearned fondly over 'her little ones, whom,' she said, 'she had hoped to see advance in life, and had looked forward to it with great pleasure.' '*This*,' she added, '*has been my most earnest desire, that my children may belong to God, and may be admitted into His kingdom.*'

To the great joy of her friends, she was given back to them again, when to all appearance she seemed to have entered "the river," and to be almost within sight of "the shining shore." Seventeen years longer was she permitted to fulfill the sacred duties intrusted to her, with all the fidelity and devotion which her slender health allowed.

1812. *June* 20. WAR. This morning General Bloomfield, now in this city, received accounts by express from the City of Washington, of *War* having been declared by the United States against Great Britain, &c.

Great God of Nations, have mercy upon this people. Leave us not to perish in Thine anger. Speedily restore Peace to this land, if it consist with Thy glory. Counsel our rulers. May their hearts be right with Thee, and may their deliberations be overruled for the best good of the nation.

Prepare me, O my Father, for whatever may await me

in Thy providence. May I be faithful to my country, and especially to Thee, my God, and be enabled to glorify Thee in the hour of suffering, privation, distress, ruin and death, if these be my portion during the present contest.

September 23. Left Boston for Andover. Stopped at Parker's, and reached Andover at one, P. M. I dined at the Institution with the Trustees, &c. Attended at the chapel, in the afternoon, the exercises of the students, and at a quarter past six attended, with the Trustees, the meeting of the Board, at Mr. Farrar's. Tarried till half past nine, P. M., and then retired to Rev. Dr. Pearson's house, where I met Rev. President Dwight, Rev. Mr. Jenks, from Bath, Rev. Mr. Tappan, from Brunswick, and his brother, Rev. Mr. Codman, Mr. Abbott, &c. Dr. D. and Mr. J. tarry with us.

24. Attended Trustee meeting, at Mr. Farrar's, at nine A. M. Finished at three-quarters past eleven, A. M., at which time I set off for home, Mr. E. A. Pearson, and a Mr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, a student of the institution, accompanying me.

1813. *January* 23. Walked with son S. this afternoon to Mr. Lincoln's printing office, to show him the manner of printing.

June 1. Rode with Mrs. W. this morning to brother Thomas's (Brookline) and back — in the afternoon to brother Thomas's again, and afterwards to uncle Mason's, where we stopped to tea. Mother P., sister A., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P., Mrs. Dr. W., Jr., came also to tea. Mr. Daniel Parkman also.

Went upon the hill back of uncle Mason's house, and with his telescope was pretty certain of seeing the com-

mencement of an engagement between the Chesapeake frigate, and the Shannon, British frigate, which peeped this morning into Boston bay, and induced the Chesapeake to leave her anchorage in President Roads.

1814. *June* 3. This day was confirmed, by an arrival from Halifax at this place, the news recently reported by way of Cork, that Louis XVIII. had been called to the throne of France, that Bonaparte had abdicated for himself and heirs, all title to the throne of France, and was to retire on a pension to the island of Elba in the Mediterranean, and that a general Continental Peace was the consequence of these events.

15. Attended this morning, at the Chapel church, the services on account of the recent great deliverance of Europe from the slavery of Bonaparte, late Emperor of France. They were very solemn, appropriate and impressive. The prayer by Rev. Dr. Osgood, and the sermon by the Rev. Mr. Channing, with some music, were all that I heard. The State House, widow Scott's house, and some other private houses, were brilliantly illuminated in the evening, and from the Common and Neck, were thrown a large number of carbonic comets and rockets. The concourse of people in the Common was immense.

1815. *February* 13. Mr. J. L. called upon me at nine o'clock to inform me that news was just received in town from New York, communicated by Mr. Jonathan Goodhue to B. Russell by an express, of a Treaty having been concluded between Great Britain and the United States, the 24th December last, restoring to us the blessings

of *Peace*. The British ship *Favorite* brought the account. The town has in every quarter exhibited tokens of the highest joy of its inhabitants on this most interesting, and cheering intelligence. The bells have been ringing through the day and the cannon firing; eight uniform companies parading, and illuminations in the evening of some public buildings are among the demonstrations of joy discovered on this memorable occasion.

September 23. Rained hard in the night—increased, and from eleven to two, the wind blew with tremendous and destructive violence, unroofing some houses and blowing off a vast number of chimneys; my own at the store where I was sitting, and many others. The trees in Paddock's and the great Mall, have suffered exceedingly, many are blown down, large elms, some of a hundred years' growth. The town throughout presents a scene of destruction almost unprecedented.

1816. *December* 20: Mrs. W. spent chief of the morning at brother Jonathan P.'s, who was last evening deprived in the holy providence of God of his beloved child *Miriam*, a lovely girl of five and a half years.

1817. *February* 20. Brother John Phillips's son S., aged sixteen, a Freshman in Harvard University, died this morning at one o'clock; a very amiable and promising youth.

Attended this afternoon the funeral of my late Aunt Hall, who died on the 16th, aged 74.

July 2. Walked with mother P., Mrs. W., sister Abby and daughter M., upon the Common this morning, to witness the arrangement of the boys of the several schools in Boston, through whom the President of the

United States was to pass. The number of boys was about three thousand. Son S. was among them.

At quarter before one, P. M., President Monroe entered the limits of Boston, which was known by the ringing of bells. At that time I went with mother P., Mrs. W., sister A., daughters M. and S., with the female domestics, to the Glass Store, where, at half past one, P. M., we saw the President with the cavalcade pass.

7. Breakfasted at father P.'s in company with the President of the United States, his Secretary, Mr. Mason, his Aid, Gen. Swift; also, Samuel Prince, Gen. Miller, Commodore Bainbridge, Governor Brooks, Gen. Cobb, Timothy Pickering, Judge Parker, W. S. Shaw, Col. Sumner, William Gray, H. G. Otis, T. H. Perkins, Geo. Blake, J. Quincy, C. Bulfinch, J. Thorndike, Sheriff Bradford, Gen. Matoon, Col. Sargent, Rev. F. Parkman, Judge Fales, Mr. Mellen, Mr. Williams, Mr. Stebbins, Wendell Davis, Judge Prescott, J. Welles, J. Lloyd, Rev. Mr. S. Willard, Commodore Perry, &c.

The President reviewed two thousand five hundred troops upon the Common at noon.

October 22. Spent two and a half hours with Rev. W. E. Channing this afternoon at his house, conversing with him on the subject of my intended removal from his church, of which I informed him for the first time, this afternoon.

26. *Lord's Day.* I yesterday addressed a letter to Rev. Mr. Channing, confirming what I had said to him respecting my removal from his church, and resigning the office of Deacon.

I trust that in taking this step, this very painful and important step, I have been following the dictates of conscience and the guidance of the Spirit of God. I have

weighed the subject long, I have conversed confidentially in reference to it with Christian friends of sound judgment and distinguished prudence; above all, I have sought direction from the Father of Lights, and as far as I can discern, my path has been made plain to leave the church in Federal street, and to attach myself and family to the church under the care of Rev. Mr. Huntington. I withdraw from my late place of worship in the exercise of the most candid and benevolent feelings toward those I leave, and with a sincere desire that they and myself may be guided into all necessary truth.

November 1. Called upon Rev. Mr. Huntington this morning and communicated to him my intention of attaching myself and family to his church and society.

1818. *March* 8. *Lord's Day.* Rev. Mr. H. preached in the morning from Luke, xi. 13. "If ye then being evil," &c. The sermon was exceedingly good, showing the duty, the privilege and importance of earnest prayer for the gift of the Holy Spirit, to enlighten, guide and comfort us.

1819. *September* 11. Heard in Boston, when I reached there, the afflictive intelligence of the death of Rev. Joshua Huntington, my beloved pastor. He had been journeying to Canada, and on returning rode very rapidly, when his strength was quite small. A fever arrested him at Groton, and he expired last night at the house of Rev. Dr. Chaplin, of that town. His loss is great indeed to his family and the church, and the town has lost a bright light.

December 23. Visited grandma Mason this morning. Spent a little time with her very profitably, and prayed

with her. Her first words on taking my hand were, "I am alive yet, spared to-day to repent of the sins of yesterday. Don't lose a moment. Let us engage at once in prayer. Pray that God may be glorified, that His kingdom may be advanced," &c.

1820. *February* 6. Miss Mary Peck, (familiarly called Molly,) an invaluable and eminently pious domestic of father Phillips, who has been in his family forty-four years, after nine years of blindness, and several of the latter, years of great weakness of body, was released from this state of suffering, and entered into heavenly rest this afternoon. 'Blessed, indeed, are the dead who die in the Lord.' Her walk was close with God, and in her humble sphere she exhibited a bright pattern of Christian excellence. My beloved wife remembers well her early instructions, her earnest prayers, her holy example; and ascribes the first attention she gave to the concerns of her soul, to the pious counsels of this faithful domestic.

12. Son S. went this morning with his grandma Phillips to see grandma Mason, who was able to speak a few words to him, and kissed and blessed him. Does not 'the prayer of the righteous avail much?' May a gracious God hear the prayer of this dying saint in my child's behalf, and may he never forget the holy example and Christian counsel of this venerable friend.

24. At about 2 o'clock, (A. M.,) Mrs. Mary Mason, our most excellent friend and grandma, was released from earth, after a pilgrimage of eighty-seven years, and has taken possession, as we humbly hope, of the promised land, the heavenly Canaan.

26. Attended, with Mrs. W., this afternoon, the fune-

ral of grandma Mason. Her remains were deposited in the Chapel burying ground, in the tomb of the late Benjamin Clark, which is a wall tomb, a small distance south from the gate on Tremont street.

October 8. *Lord's Day.* Mr. B. B. Wisner, from Princeton Theological Institution, preached both parts of the day. His text this morning from Isaiah, xlv. 22. These discourses were very impressive. The morning's discourse was exceedingly comprehensive and solemn.

1821. *July* 2. Rode to the farm with Mrs. W., M., and S., over the new road called The Boston and Roxbury Mill-Dam, leading from Beacon street, which was this day, for the first time, opened for travel. A number of gentlemen on horses, early this morning formed a cavalcade, and passed over the new road or causeway in honor of the enterprise.

1823. *February* 4. At two, P. M. attended at the Old South Vestry, a religious exercise in connection with this day which has been set apart, particularly the latter half, by the Old South Church, as a religious Fast, and for the purpose of renewing the church covenant. Rev. Mr. Wisner conducted the service altogether in the afternoon, except reading the last hymn, and pronouncing the blessing. Mr. W. read the 139th Psalm, and made some observations upon it, in connection with the events which had called the church into the present solemn posture.

At half past six, P. M., attended again at same place, Mrs. W. accompanying me. The service of the evening commenced with prayer, by Rev. Mr. Jenks, then singing, then reading the 9th chapter of Nehemiah, which he ex-

plained at some length, in connection with the covenant just to be renewed. Rev. Daniel Huntington followed in prayer; after which the members of the Old South Church rising in their places, Mr. Wisner repeated the ancient and solemn form of covenant, which all renewed. He followed in a very long, solemn, fervent and affectionate prayer. A few remarks from him succeeded, and then a hymn. This was followed by a short prayer from Rev. Mr. Jenks, then the doxology and benediction.

The whole exercise was of a peculiarly solemn cast, and calculated to make a very salutary impression on all the members. I pray that it may make such impression on my own heart.

May 4. *Lord's Day.* Mother Phillips having taken a heavy cold, was confined at home to-day.

5. Mother P. continues very sick with her cold. She sent for Dr. W. last evening.

6. Dr. W. called this evening to say that he thought it not unlikely mother P. would not survive till morning.

7. Mother P. was comfortable through the night. Brother Edward P. was with her. The physician thought there was some improvement this morning, but on my wife's going over towards ten, A. M., she sent me word immediately, "she was no better." Just before one, P. M., Mrs. W. sent for me to go over, as her mother was declining rapidly. I went over with daughter M., but my dear mother did not know me, and I am thus deprived of that parting smile and blessing which I had fondly hoped to enjoy, if Providence saw good to take her first from earth.

I remained with the family in the chamber, our mother sinking every moment. Rev. Mr. Wisner prayed at

about three quarters past two, P. M., and continued with us. Dr. Warren came in soon after, and at half past three, without a struggle or groan, her spirit passed to glory, leaving an aged, tender husband, and all her family, in tears for their own heavy loss.

12. Rode over to father P.'s at eleven o'clock, and tarried about two hours, in which time Rev. Dr. Beecher, and Rev. Prof. Porter, called to see father P. Dr. B. made a very affectionate and interesting prayer with the family.

In the afternoon attended at father P.'s with Mrs. W., daughter M., and son S., and followed the mortal remains of our late dear mother to the silent tomb, the Bromfield vault in the Chapel burying ground. Rev. Mr. Wisner prayed at the funeral. The Pall-bearers were Thomas Dennie, Gardner Greene, P. C. Brooks, John Parker, Thomas Dawes and Josiah Salisbury, Esq'rs.

22. At about seven, P. M., sister Abigail B. Phillips was united in holy marriage to Rev. E. Burgess, of Dedham. The ceremony was at father P.'s in his presence, and that of Uncle and Aunt Mason, Bros. J. and E. P. and wives, with their children, William P., Jr., and Miss Martha S. P., with Miss T. B., (tarrying at Bro. E. P.'s,) Miss D., Thomas Burgess, Esq. and lady, from Providence, Miss B., from Wareham, my son S., and daughter M.

29. Was preparing to go to our store at 9 o'clock, when I was informed that my beloved brother-in-law, John Phillips, was very ill, probably not then alive. Before I had time to get ready to go to the house, Mr. E. called upon me to say that brother P. was dead! It appears he was not well through the whole of yesterday, though he attended at the Senate Chamber, went

through much duty there, and attended religious service at the Old South Church, with the Legislature. * * * He has left us full of honors, in the midst of usefulness, enjoying apparently very good health, and surrounded by an affectionate and devoted family. I find myself deprived on a sudden of my counsellor, my guide and friend, as well as brother. I know not how to fill the space which his death has caused. I pray that the affliction may be sanctified to me and my family for our eternal good.

1824. *February* 28. Mrs. W. spent the morning and afternoon at brother E. P's. His daughter Miriam had a distressed night and was very low all the morning. At three quarters past 5, P. M., after considerable distress, she very suddenly expired. She was two years old last August, and one of the loveliest children of her age I ever saw. Healthy, beautiful, intelligent and gentle, she seemed calculated to delight her parents, and all who knew her, in a high degree.

August 24. General La Fayette reached Governor Eustis's house from New York in the middle of last night, and agreeably to previous arrangements, entered the city this morning, under civil and military escort, of the most splendid kind. In my house, (Granite Range,) I had a full view of the whole procession, and a large number of our friends enjoyed the view with us. In the evening I went with Mrs. W. and son S. to Mr. Quincy's, where General La Fayette came and spent half an hour.

30. A number of ladies came to our house to-day to view the troops on the Common. It is supposed that upwards of six thousand troops were under arms, and

the weather being fine, the appearance was uncommonly handsome. The crowd was immense, and the number of gentlemen who partook of dinner, at the great tent, exceeded fifteen hundred. This is the greatest military parade probably ever witnessed in this city.

1825. *June* 17. The corner-stone of the obelisk about to be built on the Heights of Charlestown, to commemmorate the battle of Bunker Hill, was laid this morning in Masonic form. An address was afterwards delivered by Hon. Daniel Webster, and a dinner under an immense tent was served to upwards of three thousand persons. The procession, which was formed in and about the State House, was very numerous, and the appearance exceedingly impressive and interesting.

December 28. Father Phillips drank tea with us this evening, and I attended with him at Park street church a service in reference to the church of colored people, (eight in number,) this day organized, previous to their departure for Liberia in Africa. Rev. Mr. Wisner read the doings of the Council, with the creed, covenant, &c. Rev. Dr. Jenks offered the prayer. Rev. Mr. Dwight read a psalm, and delivered a discourse (of ninety minutes in length) from Ps. lxviii. 31: "Princes shall come out of Egypt, Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." A most eloquent, ingenious and powerful performance, well suited to the occasion. Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Andover, offered the right hand of fellowship, Rev. Mr. Green offered the closing and ordaining prayer, during which the two aged colored men chosen by their brethren, deacons of the church, received the imposition of hands from Rev. Messrs. Green, Wisner and Jenks. The collection was then taken, and an

anthem (the music composed by one of the colored deacons) with the benediction, closed the exercises.

1826. *October* 15. *Lord's Day.* Attended at the Old South Church all day. Rev. Dr. Beecher preached in the morning from Mark, xii. 24: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." Rev. Mr. Wisner preached in the afternoon from John, iii. 8: "The wind bloweth where it listeth," &c. These two sermons were very solemn and impressive, calculated to excite serious thought and holy resolution. The morning's sermon was one of the most direct addresses to the conscience, that I ever heard. The object was to show that there were in the life of every person, highly important moments, when it might specially be true with regard to them, that they were "not far from the kingdom of God." He gave a number of instances and considered them as balancing periods, when a little more effort, or resolution, or thought might have turned the scale in favor of a course which would have eventuated in their salvation, and which omitted was the point of time when they lost the last opportunity they could ever enjoy for securing the safety of their souls.

29. Brother Edward P. continues very low. He has been confined to his bed since Friday evening last.

November 4. At half past 7 o'clock this morning, Mrs. W. and myself were sent for into brother Edward Phillips's. He experienced a change which indicated death to be very near, about three o'clock this morning. He suffered much from hard breathing, until about ten minutes past ten o'clock, A. M., when his spirit returned to God who gave it, amid the tears and prayers of his affectionate relatives. His mind was perfectly bright,

collected, resigned and happy to the last moment. Such expressions as these were frequent during the night: "Blessed Jesus, I am ready, I am ready." Just before he expired, he said to his wife, "God is with me. He has fitted me. I am not distressed." To Rev. Mr. Wisner, yesterday afternoon, he said, "God has given me the victory."

8. Attended the funeral of our late beloved brother Edward Phillips. The body was placed in the Bromfield tomb. A solemn service! God grant that the impression of the vanity of everything earthly may never be effaced from my mind. I would live henceforth nearer to God than ever, and strive to cultivate closer communion with Him, and greater conformity to His holy requisitions; looking habitually to Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith, for grace to sustain me in life, for grace to obtain the victory over death, and for grace to bestow upon me the precious rewards of the just, rewards purchased for me through a Saviour's merits.

12. *Lord's Day.* Rev. Mr. Wisner preached in the afternoon from Ps. xcvii. 1: "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." A very excellent sermon. At the close he applied the subject to the death of brother Edward Phillips, and sketched his character very justly, introducing a number of his remarks in his sickness, upon the subject of religion.

1827. *February* 18. Attended at Old South Church all day. Rev. Mr. Wisner preached both parts. Text in the morning and afternoon from Eph. iv. 30: "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." These discourses were

very impressive and solemn, written with reference to the present revival of religion in the city.

25. Attended church all day with Mrs. W. Rev. Mr. Wisner preached both parts. His text in the morning from 1 Sam. vii. 12. In the afternoon, 1 Col. part of 28th and 29th verses.

This day completes six years since Rev. Mr. Wisner became the pastor of the Old South Church, and his discourse this morning was a review of this period. He was very interesting, and managed his subject with great good judgment, deep feeling, and in a way to excite the best sentiments of pious gratitude in his people, both church and congregation. He at the close renewed his dedication of himself to the work of the ministry, to his God, and to the people of his charge—to be worn out in the service of Christ. In the afternoon he considered the possibility of the salvation of every member of the congregation, and the consequent duty of the church to labor for such a blessing. He wished all present to engage from that moment, to aim at, and as far as possible, strive to promote the everlasting happiness of every member of the society. This vow he then made, and should repeat before he retired this night to rest.

An excellent writer has remarked, that "from great *privilege* to great *trial*, there will often be *but a step.*" The pages of the Diary almost immediately succeeding these accounts of the blessed work which had been progressing among the churches, and which had brought great joy to so many families—contain now the outpourings of a deep sorrow with which "no stranger can intermeddle." The companion of years—the devoted

wife and tender mother was taken away as by a stroke. On the evening of the 24th of March she was prostrated by sudden illness, losing to a great degree her power of utterance, "although evidently retaining her mind." We quote from the Diary.

March 25. *Sabbath.* Rev. Mr. Wisner saw Mrs. W. at noon. He asked her several questions, to which she gave, by signs, the replies that might be expected. He spoke to her of the preciousness of her Saviour, and to this she said, in words which we distinctly heard,— "*What could I do without Him?*" He prayed with her, and she appeared to enjoy the prayer.

I asked her in the course of the afternoon, if she loved me as she had always done, to press my hand. She gave it instantly, a delightful grasp.

She evidently endeavored once or twice to smile upon M., and seemed to say to her, "Weep not for me, only prepare to follow me to glory." Monday the 26th, she discovered greater difficulty in breathing, which became more and more labored, until twenty minutes before twelve o'clock at noon, when I felt the last pulse cease, and witnessed the last breath taken. No violent struggle marked the separation of her happy spirit from its frail tabernacle, she gently sighed away her immortal part into the hands of that Saviour she had owned and loved on earth, and with whom I believe she is now enjoying a felicity too vast and too pure for the heart of man to conceive. And from such a state would I, dare I, recall her, if I could? No, not for worlds. Though all creation is covered, to my mind, with a pall, black as midnight darkness, I feel that *she* is happy. Her life tells

me it must be so, my faith and my Bible tell me so, and all that is left to me is tenderly to cherish the memory of one dear to me as my own soul, and to honor it in the way she would herself prescribe, if her voice could burst upon me from the spiritual world, by walking more closely than ever, in the steps of Jesus, and by an habitual preparation to meet my God. * * * * * "Father, I welcome all thy will." I pray that it *may* be done. I rejoice that it *is* done. And I would ever cherish a holy, an entire and child-like submission to every appointment of my covenant God. From this time I would be more than ever devoted to the service of my Divine Master, and would spend the remnant of my days in advancing his cause and kingdom in the world, and in making that wise preparation for my own departure hence, which dispensations like the one I record, are so wisely adapted to promote.

28. My friends are very kind to me in calling and sympathizing in my affliction, and all that friendship and affection can do, is rendered; but the wound is very deep, and my Great High Priest, who is "touched with the feeling of my infirmities," is the great source of consolation, and I bless my God, I think I have divine supports, and a light bursting in upon me from heaven, dispelling my fears and doubts and saying to me, "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid."

At noon on the following day, gathering his children around him by the side of the loved form from which they were parting, until the Resurrection morning, he gave utterance to his feelings of submission, of gratitude and of trust in his covenant keeping God, prom-

ising to be faithful to these children even unto death, and to do that for them "by my prayers, my counsels and my example, which I believe would be acceptable to my departed friend, if she were permitted to speak to me from the world of spirits."

29. I followed, this afternoon, when prayer had been offered by Rev. Mr. Wisner, the dear remains of my ever-to-be remembered, and most tenderly beloved friend and companion, to the silent mansion of the dead — the Bromfield tomb, on the north side of the Chapel burying ground.

And here I leave till the morning of the Resurrection this precious dust, which I have loved so fondly, cherished and sheltered with so much care. If I had not an unwavering confidence that her never-dying soul was now enjoying the rest of heaven, through the merits of that Redeemer whom she loved and served on earth, how could I sustain myself a single moment! But I *am* sustained. I *am* comforted. Blessed be God, I rejoice in her safety. I would not recall her spirit from its happy residence, if a breath could do it. I take the cup which my Heavenly Father has given me, and say, I humbly hope with godly sincerity, "Thy will be done." Let it now be my care to walk more closely than I have ever done, in the steps of my dear Redeemer, and by faith and patience may I one day "inherit the promises."

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

"Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here
While angels watch its soft repose."

This beloved wife and mother was born June 10, 1779, and was therefore nearly forty-eight years of age. Less than two months had passed, when the aged father of this "beloved companion" was also stricken down, his illness commencing with a severe cold, on the 22nd May. On the 25th, (we quote from the diary,) "Called upon father P. this morning for a couple of hours, and toward evening for an hour. He had not had an easy night, and has been very feeble through the day, though towards night he walked with some strength across the room, and when I left him at seven o'clock, I thought he bid fair to have a comfortable night, and expressed my desire that he might. He took my hand very cordially, and bid me 'good-bye, with his love to the children.' Little, oh, how little, did I think this was to be the last adieu I should ever hear from his lips. On the 26th, about twenty minutes past nine in the evening, he quietly breathed his last."

It would be doing injustice to the memory of one, so pure in character and so benevolent in conduct, should we omit to make more particular mention of those traits which at once endeared him to his family and friends, and secured for him the respect and confidence of the community in which he lived.

His hospitable mansion, which, with its spacious

grounds and tasteful surroundings, made it an object of interest to the passer-by, was always the welcome and happy resort of the old and young of his family circle; and on frequent occasions, of the great and good from all parts of the land, who were entertained with liberality and social ease at his table. The charm of his character was his unaffected simplicity and sincerity; he at once commanded the respect of age, and the affection of youth.

The residence here mentioned stood on the ground now occupied by stores in Tremont street, nearly opposite the Stone Chapel burying ground, and had somewhat the appearance of an old English family mansion. It stood back from the street, separated from the sidewalk by an iron fence. An iron gate opened upon a gravelled walk which led up to the front door; on either side of this walk, three terraces rose, one above another, and several fine trees ornamented the inclosure. On the left side of the house was the carriage yard with the stables.*

June 3. *Lord's Day.* Rev. Mr. Wisner preached this afternoon a funeral discourse upon the death of my late

* The following note is copied from "Drake's History of Boston."

"His [Mr. Peter Faneuil's] residence, was on the westerly side of Tremont street, opposite the old Johnson burying ground, in an elegant mansion, built by his uncle, Andrew Faneuil, the same in which lived afterwards Lieutenant Governor Phillips. Upon a summer-house belonging to it, there was a grasshopper for its vane, similar to that upon Faneuil Hall, from the fact, no doubt, of its representing the crest of the arms of Faneuil."

father-in-law, Hon. William Phillips. His text was from Ps. cxii. 4, 5, 6: "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

August 28. Brother and sister B. called upon us this morning and spent the day. Conversed with brother B. for a couple of hours very profitably and pleasantly.

October 20. Daughters rode this morning to Dedham, and took Miss H. B. and their cousin A. P. with them. They visited sister B. who has been quite sick.

The following is the first mention made of his attendance at the Mason street Sabbath school.

1828. *October* 19. *Lord's Day.* At one o'clock I attended at the Mason street Sabbath school, where my daughters S. and A. attend. My daughter S. received a book, "The History of Alfred Campbell," as the premium, being the highest mark of approbation conferred by the Examining Committee. Daughter A. received a book among the third in rank. Mr. C. Cleaveland prayed, and Deacon Kimball addressed the school. Deacon Vose, one of the Committee, distributed the prizes among the scholars.

21. *Tuesday.* My nephews, William Phillips and John C. Phillips, with Doct. Flint, (as medical companion of William P.,) sailed this morning for Havana, in the brig Atlantic, Captain Hathaway.

At about ten, A. M., rode with daughter M. and Miss C. Walley to Cambridge, attended the exhibition at the College chapel, where George W. Phillips, my nephew, delivered the Salutatory in Latin.

December 11. I completed this morning the regular

reading of the Holy Scriptures, with Scott's commentary and practical observations entire. I began them several years ago. The last year or two I have read more of them than during the preceding year. And here I would record my gratitude to God, that He has given me health and leisure, with the inclination, to peruse these sacred pages. They have afforded me incalculable comfort and great instruction. I never before understood or enjoyed the text of Scripture as I have while reading it with these remarks of Dr. Scott, and his practical observations are always sound, and useful, and frequently most pathetic and impressive. I pray God to make me wiser and better by these studies, and as I go through the precious Bible, occasionally referring to the places I have marked in pencil, may I enjoy the precious and illuminating influence of that same Spirit that dictated it, that so my mind may be preserved from error, and my heart more than ever imbued with its life-giving truths!

31. I attended this evening at Park Street Church, a meeting of the evangelical churches and others to offer praise for the mercies of the year just closing, to review the goodness of God in an especial manner to the churches here and elsewhere, and to supplicate His blessing for the coming year. I felt that it was good to be there, and pray that I may be quickened to the more faithful discharge of duty, and to more engagedness in my Master's service. How many pressing motives have I to be thus diligent and engaged. How differently does the approaching year open upon me from any that have preceded it! And since my last record at this interesting season, what afflictions have I been called to sustain! The partner of my joys and sorrows, the friend and companion of my youth, snatched as it were in a moment

from my side, and her aged and venerated father suddenly following.

Oh, what cause have I for serious meditation, for holy submission, for filial confidence! Blessed be God! it is for Him to bring good out of evil, and light out of darkness. May He in this case overrule all my bereavements and trials for His own glory, and enable me to say with a childlike spirit, "The will of the Lord be done." I desire to close this year with a hearty and true confession of my sins, secret and open, with an expression of my faith in Jesus Christ, the great atoning sacrifice.

I desire the aids of the Holy Spirit to renovate my soul, to strengthen me for duties and trials, and to make me useful, if it please Him, in some humble part of my Master's vineyard.

1829. *April* 12. Son S. entered this day upon the duties of his appointment as Superintendent of Mason street Sabbath school. May the Lord give him grace to be faithful in this responsible situation, and honor him as an instrument of great good to the children committed to his care.

October 12. *Monday.* I left Boston for Northampton to be present at the marriage of my son, expected to take place on the evening of the 14th instant.

14. *Wednesday.* The marriage of my son.

A blank page is left, doubtless for particulars of the ceremony and festivities of the evening, in place of which we insert the following, found on a separate paper, but having reference to the two, whose interests were henceforth to be united.

Bless each individual of this family, and regard us according to our respective trials, infirmities, necessities and duties. Especially look in great kindness upon Thy young servant, who is soon to leave the paternal roof, to enter upon new and high and solemn responsibilities. Be Thou his shield and guide, his refuge and his joy, and may he by a holy life and conversation diffuse a salutary light through a wide circle, and be the honored instrument in thy hand of alluring many around to walk in wisdom's ways. May the friend with whom he is to be associated in the tenderest relation of life, be a help provided from on high, and be instrumental of great good to Thy servant, and oh, may they be heirs together of an eternal inheritance beyond the grave.

1830. *May* 9. Attended with my three daughters all day at Sabbath School, and Old South Church. Rev. Dr. Wisner preached. The text in the morning was from Haggai, ii. 3: "Who is left among you that saw this house in her first glory?" In the afternoon, from Ps. lxxvii. 11, 12, 13: "I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings." These are the commencement of his Centennial sermons, with reference to the origin of the Old South Church, the building of the present house, &c. One hundred years having been completed, this Sabbath, since the present house was opened for religious worship. He is to resume his narrative next Sabbath.

16. *Lord's Day.* Rev. Dr. W. continued his history of the Old South Church, and completed in his two discourses to-day, the history he commenced last Sabbath. His morning text was in Isa. lix. 19. In the afternoon,

from Jer. vi. 16. "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

The following pleasant passage occurs in notes of a visit to Northampton.

June 17. Visited Amherst. Called on Dr. Humphrey, who showed me the view from the cupola of the Chapel, which was one of the most rich and beautiful that the imagination can conceive. The eminence on which the College buildings stand, is in the midst of a rich valley, and the cultivation under the feet, and the clusters of villages in every direction, affords a feast for the eye which can scarcely be surpassed. Hills in New Hampshire. fifty miles distant, are visible.

September 11. *Lord's Day.* My lesson at the Sabbath school to-day led me to speak much upon the establishment and benefits of the Sabbath. Having looked considerably into the subject the week past, I am grieved to think how much, how often, and how greatly, I have violated this holy day in thought, word, and action; not only in times before my mind became serious, but since I have known something of divine truth, and felt, as I hope, something of its influence upon my own heart. I pray God to forgive me, for Christ's sake, these repeated violations of a plain moral duty, and to give me grace to be more guarded for the time to come, and to strive that every hour and minute of the holy Sabbath, may be spent in the service of God, honoring Him designedly, whether I eat, or drink, or whatever I do, and doing all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

1832. *March* 18. I think I enjoyed communion with my Heavenly Father this morning, as I have rarely done. My heart feels as though I could not "lose the relish all my days;" yet how liable I shall be without the closest watch, to slumber in duty, and forget my crown in the heavens. O what a dreadful, ensnaring world is this! How easy is it to put aside the Saviour, with all His charms and love, and glory, and take to my bosom the veriest trifles in creation as though they were of more value than an omnipotent Saviour.

"Break, Sovereign Grace, these tyrant lusts,
And set the captive free."

I have been reading of Jacob's vow, (Gen. xxviii. 20,) at that most interesting period of his life when he was flying from the hand of Esau his brother, and when he had been favored at Bethel with the visions of God, and received from Him fresh assurances of protection and favor. And, in the course of my devotions just referred to, I presumed (I trust in entire dependence on God's strength) to *adopt Jacob's vow as my own;* and I here record it, for my examination from time to time, and as a witness against me when I violate it.

☞ If God will be with me, and will keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come to my Heavenly Father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God, and His service, honor and worship shall constitute my employment and happiness, the little period I have to pass in the present world.

1833. *April* 16. The teachers of Mason street Sabbath School met at my house this evening to hear the

communication of our late Superintendent, resigning the charge of the school. After passing a vote in reference to my son's letter, they voted unanimously to request the Board of Managers of the Sabbath School Union to appoint me as Superintendent. I declined the appointment, but promised to take charge of the school for several Sabbaths, and to do whatever appeared my duty, and for the best interests of the school.

28. *Lord's Day.* I opened the school this morning, and in the afternoon notified the school of my acceptance of the Superintendency, to which I have been appointed.

During several of the following years, the pages of the Diary are mainly occupied with the simple record of facts in the family history, and frequent accounts of visits to the scholars of his Sabbath School.

Of the many persons who, during a period of more than forty years, were in service in his family, it is doubtful if any were allowed to leave without receiving some evidence that he remembered that they, as well as he, had souls to be saved. This was done by the gift of a book, a kind word of advice, or the selection of some striking narrative, accompanying the reading of the Scriptures in the family, when they were always expected to be present. Eternity alone will reveal how many young feet have thus been turned from the brink of ruin; and how many have been aroused from their guilty slumbers, and led to seek diligently for "the pearl of great price," until they found it.

In selecting from the Diary—many passages of the

deepest interest are of a character so private and sacred, that we would be very slow in bringing them to the light, at all. It is only here and there, where they seem to mark a new era, as it were, in his Christian life, that it seems at all justifiable to insert passages of this nature. May the happy influence of the spirit which they breathe, prove the wisdom of the exceptions.

With this view, the following remarks and prayer, are introduced. From this period we notice a more especial devotion of his time and energies to the cause in which he had now enlisted; a loving devotion which never tired, until having finished the work assigned him, he "entered into his Master's joy."

1837. *April* 12. Through the abounding goodness of God, I am brought to this day. Fifty-nine years have I lived in this world of trial and sin! I am ashamed to take a review of my life. It has been full of folly, thoughtlessness and sin. "My repentance needs to be repented of," and if I have any grace, it is very weak, and very wavering.

My Heavenly Father! If Thou art condescending to make me at all useful in the world through the Sabbath School, oh give me the grace to be humble; fit me for the situations in which I may be called to act, and furnish me for the faithful and successful discharge of all duty. I desire henceforth to give myself to the work of the Sabbath School, and would spend my strength and my life in advancing its best interests.

Divine Spirit! Breathe into me an earnest desire to be eminently useful to the rising generation, and dwell

with me, with all Thy life-giving, enlightening and refreshing influences.

Blessed Redemer! Conform me more and more to Thyself. May I copy Thy meekness, Thy gentleness, Thy tenderness to little children, Thy faithfulness in reproving sin, Thy deadness to the world, Thy devotion to the Father's glory. May I so imitate and walk with Thee on earth, that I may be fitted and prepared to enjoy Thy presence through a vast eternity.

God of my life, Father, Son, and Spirit, to Thee, the one True God, do I dedicate myself anew, with all I am, for Thy service on earth, and in heaven. I would have from this time no will of my own; let it be swallowed up in Thine, and *what pleaseth* THEE, shall please me.

Resolved, That I will endeavor no day shall pass without, in some way or another, doing good to my neighbor, (from love to God,) either in his mind, body, or estate; following as far as in me lies, the example of my dear Master, who when He was in the flesh upon earth, "went about doing good."

1838. *December* 26. *Wednesday.* At half past seven o'clock this evening, my daughter, S. H. W., was united by marriage with Doct. W. K. B., of Philadelphia. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. B., Rev. Mr. G. offering the concluding prayer.

1839. *June* 4. Bade farewell to my dwelling in Beacon street, I trust for a season only, and left for Havre, in France, via New York. Son S. accompanied me with my daughters to the cars, where we were met and exchanged farewells with a number of other friends.

8. *Saturday.* Bade farewell to New York, and ac-

companied by my daughters M. and A., and Mrs. B. and her husband, went on board the ship Poland, Capt. Anthony.

9. *Lord's Day.* The broad Atlantic! Strong breeze. Foggy. Ship going at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour. Ship very much on her side; we could do nothing to advantage in the way of religious exercises.

10. Took a letter from what I call my Post Office, this morning. It was from Mr. F. A. B. These letters I am to open from day to day, during the voyage, in consequence of a suggestion to the teachers and scholars of Mason street Sabbath School, that I might be daily reminded of them. A very happy and kind suggestion!

23. *Lord's Day.* Attended a religious service on deck, many of the passengers with the crew standing and sitting around. The sun was bright, the breeze was pleasant, and all conspired to make it an interesting service. God grant that it may prove to have been a profitable one to all on board. Handed some tracts to the second mate to give the crew. My package to-day was from Mr. J. F. B., and contained a sailor's magazine, which, by his desire, I gave to the man at the wheel.

27. Took a French pilot about eight, A. M., and the tide exactly favoring, sailed directly into the port of Havre, which cannot be entered by vessels drawing much water, except at high tide. We are thus eighteen days and eighteen hours from New York.

From this time the Diary notes are comparatively brief, his descriptions of visits to interesting localities being reserved for letters home. Only an occasional extract therefore will be given.

July 2. Paris. Left Rouen this morning at seven o'clock in a diligence for this city, which we reached at seven, P. M. The distance about sixty miles.

1840. *January* 30. Received among other letters, one yesterday, from my niece, Miss C. W., in which she gives me a very tender statement in detail of the sickness and death of her father. * * * *

May 27. Letters received by the "Great Western," convey to me the painful intelligence of the death of my esteemed niece, C. W. She died in Walpole, N. H., Friday, 1st instant. This is indeed sad intelligence. Her mother, feeble and just mourning the loss of her husband, she was left apparently to be the staff and stay of her disconsolate parent. In a moment she is cut down, and her mother is written childless! But it is all from above, and a sovereign God, who "giveth not account of any of His matters," has done it. Father, Thy will be done.

November 16. Passy, near Paris. Our letters from home were peculiarly acceptable this dull, rainy day. I shall understand better than ever, and feel the force of the expression, "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

December 28. Paris. Visited the Museum of Artillery on the south side of the Seine, and examined the very curious and interesting collection of guns and other implements of war, with the suits of armor as worn by many distinguished men of ancient times,—more than a hundred sets; among others, that of Francis I., of France on horseback. Saw the dagger with which Ravaillac assassinated Henry IV., of France. Also, some pistols, &c., studded with diamonds and other costly stones made in Holland for the sovereign of

Morocco some time since, but not allowed to be sent him.

1841. *January* 1. Through the abounding goodness of God, I am brought to see the commencement of another year. The past has been a year of mercies. In a strange land, far away from my own fireside, and the objects with which I have for threescore years been daily familiar, yet how many comforts have I enjoyed, and how much effectual protection has been granted me! I here record my grateful acknowledgments to my heavenly Benefactor, thanking Him not only for mercy shown to me, but to those about me, and who are so dear to me. By the help of God, I resolve to improve the residue of life, whether it be short or long, in more active service for God. Especially I resolve to bend my energies toward improving the character of the rising generation in every way in my power. *Feed the lambs*, is my motto.

On the 31st March he bid farewell to the friends whose kindness had lightened the burdens resting upon him during so long an absence from his native land, and on the 6th April, 1841, he reached London with his children.

April 24. London. We visited this morning the House of Lords, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower of London. How often have I heard and thought and spoken of that venerable and consecrated pile, Westminster Abbey! and how little did I once imagine I should ever tread its consecrated aisles, and read with my own eyes the inscriptions which cover its sides! But I have done so, and the view has given me a deeper conviction

than ever, of the vanity of human greatness, and the insufficiency of all things apart from vital piety to impart a real value to the memory of the dead!

If Gay could speak from the unseen world, what he appears by the epitaph to speak from the tomb, he would not say, "life is a jest." O, what a price was paid for the human soul by the Son of God, and can that life be a jest which, according as it is passed, stamps the soul for an eternity of bliss or woe? It is the fool only who has said in his heart, "There is no God," and it is moral madness to cast away as worthless what the Redeemer's blood was shed to save and to bless.

August 2. *Monday.* On shipboard, bound for home. Rose at midnight; full moon, very clear and beautiful night. Noticed with great pleasure the lighthouse on Long Island Head, and the one at the entrance of Boston harbor. We reached Cunard's wharf, East Boston, at half past two, A. M., in safety and comfort. * * *

8. *Lord's Day.* At half past one o'clock, Mr. M. and Mr. B. came as a Committee from the Mason street Sabbath School, to invite me back to resume my duties in that school, and to unite in the exercises they had prepared for my reception. I found the school full to overflowing of parents, teachers and scholars, with many other invited friends, who gave me a most cordial welcome. The prayer, addresses and hymns were all appropriate, and of a most affectionate and grateful character. My feelings were much touched, and my gratification at such a sincere and spontaneous welcome was more than I can express. The remarks which I was strengthened to make, were dictated by an ardent attachment to the school, but I felt that they were tame in comparison with the warmth of those which were expressed by the school.

The whole service was of a complexion I shall never forget, and cannot be too grateful for. Many hands were extended to me after the service was over, and many bright young eyes were glistening to see me once more among them.

1843. *August* 9. Son S.'s second daughter, T. M., after a very short sickness, was taken out of life this morning. She was a very lovely child, exceedingly fascinating in her manners, and had won upon the affections of her parents and friends to a high degree. She was about two years and ten months old.

1845. *March* 18. By letters this evening from Washington, it appears that Mr. I. C. B., one of the State Senators in Congress, died at Washington, Sabbath evening last. * * * His loss will be most severely felt by his family, and a large circle of friends who were attached to him very cordially. His character was so amiable in every point of view, and the noble and generous feelings of his heart were so constantly in exercise, that he attracted universal esteem and secured the confidence of the whole community.

November 4. Sister P. breathed her last about eight o'clock this evening, without a struggle. She has been a most affectionate sister to me, and I shall never forget the numberless evidences of her affection for me and mine. She was seventy-three years old on the 25th March last.

8. Attended this afternoon the funeral of my sister. Rev. Mr. Lothrop offered prayer with the mourners.

1848. *April* 12. Through the great goodness and sparing mercy of my Heavenly Father, I have been permitted this day to reach the period of three-score years and ten, a period I had no reason to expect from the comparatively feeble frame I appeared to inherit.

August 3. My nephew, C. W., called upon me this morning to say that his father, my brother Thomas, died last night at twelve o'clock. He was about eighty years of age.

4. Attended this afternoon the funeral of my brother Thomas Walley.

September 5. I resigned this day, by letter, my office as a Trustee of Phillips Academy, which I have held for thirty-seven years. My son was chosen by the Board this afternoon to supply my place.

1849. *June* 17. Daughter M. has been very weak to-day; her strength is rapidly failing. Upon my speaking to her in the afternoon of my service at the Sabbath School, she desired me to tell the scholars, from her, "That they must seek Christ now, while in health, if they hoped and wished for His supports and consolations on the bed of sickness and death." She said, "Christ is my rock, and my only refuge." I said to her, "You do not now regret giving your affections to your Saviour?" "O no," she replied, "He is all my support."

22. Dr. R. saw M. this morning. She asked him to tell her plainly of her situation. He did so, said 'that she might remain two or three days, and might pass away this very day.' She said, "She was entirely willing. She would not alter any thing, or have one pain less."

25. *Monday.* At half past two o'clock, this morning, I was called to witness the last hours of my dear daughter M. Her breathing became shorter and shorter, and

finally, without the slightest struggle, her emancipated spirit was released, and she was taken to the arms of that Saviour whom she loved and acknowledged while living, and with whom she hoped to dwell forever in the mansions He has promised to His humble followers.

About half an hour before her death, her kind physician who had been watching by her for some time, said to her, "Jesus is with you now," when she replied with strong emphasis, and a smile which lighted up her whole face, "Sweet thought! sweet thought!" It almost seemed as if the glory which was so soon to be revealed to her, had begun to dawn upon her vision.

Yes, to "depart and be with Christ,"
  Was "better far" for thee,
For us the pain, the aching void,
  For thee the victory.

Freed from the fetters that have bound
  Thy spirit to its clay,
O loved one! now thy night has passed,
  The shadows fled away.

Thy night of patient suffering
  Known to thy God alone,
While star by star, with fading ray,
  Whispered life's work is done.

Then, underneath thy sinking frame,
  Th' Everlasting Arms were laid,
And 'mid the swell of Jordan's flood,
  Thy soul on Christ was stayed.

A voice which oft had whispered peace,
  Spoke of His presence near,
Who conquered death and hell, and lives
  The dying saint to cheer.

Life's ebbing tide flowed back once more,
  And o'er thy features brought
A smile of heavenly joy, that told
  "How sweet, how sweet the thought."

Sure He was with thee in that hour,
  His promise ever stands,
Ne'er to forsake the soul that trusts
  Its all in Jesus' hands.

At early dawn broke in the light
  Of heaven on thy soul,
Its pearly gates and mansions fair,
  The weary pilgrim's goal.

Now, safe, at rest, thy sufferings o'er,
  Sister, we joy with thee!
With saints in light thy dwelling place
  Forevermore shall be.

One evening, but a short time after this bereavement, as we stood by the window looking up, as he loved to do, at that 'Spacious firmament on high,'—but the thoughts of both going beyond the stars,—he said gently, "My daughter, What are they *doing* there? What is *she* doing now?" And soon after, drew from his pocket-book those beautiful lines on "Heaven," now so familiar to us, "What will it be to be there?" and read them aloud. I found them afterward carefully preserved. In a little more than a year

it was given him also to know "what things God hath prepared for them that love Him."

On the 25th July, 1850, at the age of seventy-two, "the silver cord was loosed," and parent and child were again united. The entries in his Diary during this intervening time are brief. He left home on the 25th June, with his daughter, for a journey to Niagara and Canada, meeting at Springfield a valued friend who accompanied them. He enjoyed all the beautiful and glorious things which met his eye, looking through them all to Him who made and upheld all. The words of the poet were often on his lips.

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty, Thine this universal frame
Thus wondrous fair: *Thyself how wondrous then!*"

Thus resting upon God, his spirit was kept in perfect peace. During a storm in the night, on the St. Lawrence, returning from Montreal, when the blackness of darkness made it necessary to ring the bells and stop the boat continually, and there was much commotion on board, he replied to an expression of anxiety, with his sweet smile of perfect confidence, "My child, we are in good hands, the best hands."

The Sabbath School always attracted him, and whenever his strength permitted, he gladly availed himself of opportunities to visit these pleasant places. He visited the Sabbath School attached to Rev. Mr. Daggett's church in Canandaigua, and that at Rochester,

connected with the Presbyterian church under the care of Rev. Mr. Shaw.

On Sunday, the 14th, he makes the last entry in his Diary, with the exception of a note of the weather, the next day. "Attended this morning with A. at Rev. Mr. Wilkes's church. He preached a most excellent sermon, from 2 Cor. xii. 10: 'For when I am weak, then am I strong.'" The text and sermon were peculiarly adapted to his feelings, and he greatly enjoyed the service. It was the last time that he was to worship in a "temple made with hands," the last time he was to unite in prayer and praise with worshipers in the earthly sanctuary, whither he had during so many years found it good to go up. "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel." "I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness,"—so had he often exclaimed with the Psalmist.

On Saturday afternoon, the 20th July, we reached the hotel at Burlington, from Ludlow, much exhausted. A terribly severe July storm had delayed the train, rendering the day a very fatiguing one. It was hoped that with a few days of rest and medical advice, he would rally from the attack under which he had been suffering for some days. But the disease had taken a stronger hold than either he, or those with him, had suspected. As he lay upon his bed on Sabbath evening, he said to the writer, "Sing me some hymns;" and some of those to which he loved to listen at home at that hour were sung. "There is a fountain filled

with blood," and "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah." On reaching the line, "When I tread the verge of Jordan," a strangely terrible possibility mingled with the thought, yet neither imagined that he had drawn so near "the brink of the river."

Monday and Tuesday he lay most of the time with his eyes closed, except when aroused to take medicine or nourishment, or by the entrance of the physician, whom he always received with a smile, sometimes with a pleasant remark on the beautiful view of the lake (Champlain) from the window of his room.

Wednesday morning being asked would he like to hear the newspaper, he replied, "Read to me first your mother's chapter and the 23d Psalm." The 14th chapter of John, so long associated with her, was accordingly read to him, now doubly hallowed, and the 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," &c. How many a dying believer has been strengthened and cheered by these "great and precious promises." In this instance they were doubtless selected, not merely for his own comfort, but as the means of imparting consolation to those so dear to him to whom he might no longer minister. Precious legacy! which moth and rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal!

In the afternoon, the physicians having expressed the conviction that no remedies could avail, he was informed of it. He received the intimation very quietly, and sent his love to the dear ones at home. In reply to the question, 'Have you any word for your

Sabbath School?' he answered after a moment's pause, "*I have said it all.*" Blessed consciousness, when heart and flesh were failing, that he had left nothing of counsel or earnest admonition to that hour. His life's work was done, and he had "nothing to do but to die." There was a close pressure of the hand, and the words, "You don't know how much I love you," and his strength was exhausted. Happily, he retained his consciousness sufficiently to recognize his son, who reached Burlington on Thursday morning.

At half past five o'clock on Thursday afternoon, July 25th, as we knelt around his bed, and a friend, whom we doubt not he has met in glory, commended his spirit in prayer to the Saviour, he gently breathed away his life, and passed from earth to join our loved and lost among "the innumerable multitude who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Loved One! we follow on, with grateful hearts
For all thy patient love, thy watchful care,
For the sweet memory of thy earnest zeal
To serve thy Saviour, and His image bear.

To plant th' undying seed of heavenly truth
In the fresh spring-time, ere the tares appear,
Seeking with earnest prayer the heavenly dew
Each goodly plant in glowing strength to rear.

Father Divine! we own Thy gracious care!
We trust Thy promise never to forsake;
A "place for us," Saviour wilt Thou prepare,
That we ere long, may of its bliss partake.

We copy the following notice which appeared in the "Well-Spring," at the time, as a true testimony from those who had long known and labored with him in the Sabbath School cause.

"The Massachusetts Sabbath School Society has been deeply afflicted in the recent death of SAMUEL H. WALLEY, Esq., a long tried and devoted friend, and an efficient member of its Board of Managers. Mr. Walley was chosen a member of the Board of Managers, at the second Annual Meeting of the Society in 1834, and has ever since been a member, and also the Chairman of the Financial or Depository Committee. He has manifested an almost paternal interest in the Society, ever constant and punctual at all its meetings, and those of the Board and of his Committee; and ever wise in counsel and ready to any personal service that would be for the good of the institution.

"Mr. Walley has for many years been a most indefatigable Superintendent of the Mason street Sabbath School in this city. Though upwards of seventy-two years of age, yet he has exhibited an activity, a zeal, a soul-stirring interest in his work, probably surpassed by few superintendents in the country. We think there were few objects on earth, excepting his family and friends, in which he felt a deeper interest, and to which he devoted more earnest thought and labor, than to the Sabbath School, and the Sabbath School Society, with which he was connected.

"A few Sabbaths since, during his absence on a journey, from which he was returning, when suddenly summoned to his reward,—we visited and addressed his beloved and

now bereaved Sabbath School. We deeply sympathize with his afflicted teachers and pupils. Many are the words of encouragement and exhortation that he has addressed to them; and though now dead, may they remember he yet speaketh to them and to us all."

In Green-brier Path, among the quiet shades of Mt. Auburn, lie the mortal remains of this beloved parent, by the side of wife and children, and grandchildren. A *quiet* resting place! Yet, to the listening heart, what utterances of love, and patience, and hope fall upon the ear. "Voices of the night," they speak still more loudly of the *Day*—the bright *Resurrection* morning, when this precious dust shall be quickened, and through Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life" shall put on a glorious immortality. In that home may the broken circle be again complete.

"No wanderer lost—
A family in Heaven."

LETTERS.

To one who found such *refreshment* from the perusal of *letters* from friends, whether abroad or at home, letter-*writing* could never be a burden—it was, on the contrary, an unfailing resource and pleasure. To use his pen, seemed as natural to him as to breathe, and this gift, if so it may be called, enabled him to reach many minds who would not have been susceptible to other influences.

The letters which follow are for the most part, those which he wrote to members of his own family, while abroad.

The *first* two letters were written at a much earlier date, to his daughter, then on a visit to friends in Andover, and shows the facility with which he could adapt himself to the young, so as to make *truth clear*, and also *attractive*.

BOSTON, JULY 14, 1819.

My Dear M.,—You seem to be surrounded by kind friends, and it rejoices us to hear that your health of

body improves; above all, that you feel new and strong desires to obtain spiritual health. The "new and living way" opened in the gospel, is by Jesus Christ, remember. There is no other way, no other name, no other foundation but this. He loves the youthful prayer, and on your knees you will grow "wise unto salvation." You cannot too early give yourself to God. The consideration that no age is exempt from the arrest of death, is of itself sufficient to prompt to instant effort to secure "the good part," "the one thing needful;" the imperishable inheritance, so that whenever death approaches, it may find us ready, willing, triumphant. To the Christian, what a broad promise is given by the Apostle, "Life and death, all things are yours."

AUGUST, 1819.

My Dear M.,—We would suggest to you a word of counsel and comfort. "The desire of *grace*, (the heart-felt desire,) *is* grace." This is a feeling not to be found in the natural heart, nor is it of the evil one's suggestion. Whose suggestion then can it be, but His who causes us "to will and to do of His good pleasure?"

You have only to go to your condescending Saviour just as you are, and cast yourself at His feet, to be taught, moulded and governed by Him, and He will undertake your case. You need not fear rejection. Fear only a careless walk, and an insincere profession. Say to your divine Saviour, as the ardent David said, "I am thine;" and the holy resolution is at once recorded in heaven, to the joy of its glorified inhabitants.

Having made this dedication of yourself to the service of God, strive to show the power, the beauty and efficacy of the truths you have received. Be serious and watchful in your secret duties, in your study of the Scriptures, and in your conversation upon religious subjects; but at the same time remember to be uniformly cheerful, and continue to be meek, affectionate, obliging and active in your intercourse with the world. Let the "sweet smile" of youth habitually play upon your countenance, and contribute to render more engaging your conversation and actions. The true Christian is the only person in the world who has a right to be cheerful.

Assert then this right, when you feel your title good, and show the world that religion and happiness go hand in hand. And always remember to distinguish between levity and cheerfulness. A Christian should never indulge in the former, and always degrades his profession and tarnishes his evidences when he does. Cheerfulness is also essential to the preservation of health. You have not nerves of brass nor sinews of steel, and therefore everything you can do consistently with duty, you should do to promote it. Even several thousand years ago, it was recorded in your Directory, that a merry, (that is a cheerful heart,) "doeth good like a medicine;" but "a broken spirit drieth the bones." So far, my M., in the way of counsel. As to comfort, I say to you, be dwelling upon your mercies; think how large, how constant, how unmerited they are, and rejoice also that your eyes are so far open, that you can see the hand of Him who bestows them, that you are allowed to call Him your Father in heaven, and that you have large promises of still richer blessings in reserve.

"The promises I sing
Which sovereign love hath spoke,
Nor will the Eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure,
And steadfast still,
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.

"The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay
That measure mortal years;
But still the same,
In radiant lines,
The promise shines
Through all the flame.

"Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I stand serene,
Thy Word my Rock."

The preceding you may have heard me read, perhaps, from my little black hymn book. You may now feel a new interest in the Promises, and you here see on what solid grounds they rest.

PASSY, 11th AUGUST, 1839.

My Dear Daughter,—In this rural and pleasant retreat from the bustle of Paris, I am passing with daughters, a silent Sabbath. The church I intended to have visited, and the one where I shall probably worship through the winter, is repairing, and will not be re-opened till next week. It is an Episcopal church in which a Mr. Lovett officiates. He is represented to be an excellent preacher, and an engaged and devoted Christian. He has a Sabbath School attached to his church, in which about one hundred children are instructed. By and by I hope to visit it. The distance of the church is considerable, (two and a half miles at least,) and this will sometimes, I fear, make it inconvenient and unpleasant to attend. Under these circumstances we must take our Bibles, and ask God to be a little sanctuary in the midst of us.

"In the multitude of my thoughts within me," while 'the comforts of God delight my soul,' I am frequently straying in imagination across the wide ocean that separates, and placing myself at the side of those dear friends, who seem to me dearer than ever. I am now thinking of Roxbury, with all the delightful associations of Mount Pleasant, and thus am I reminded of the affectionate letter you addressed me on the 12th June, which I have acknowledged, but not replied to. You need not be troubled about the difficulty of deciphering your pages. Even my poor eyes can run over the lines with the facility of a lover over the billet of his dear one; but even supposing the worst, how stupid and ungrateful should I be, not to value the sense and information which finally may be discovered! We should not think much of the taste or understanding, of one who should complain bitterly of

a little labor in breaking a hard shell, if the meat within was found to be delicious! The application is easy.

You say you have just been viewing the stars, and surveying Jupiter's moons. We had no opportunity for this on board the Poland. We had no good glass, the motion of the ship was unfavorable, and added to this, she careened so much, a large portion of the voyage, that we could not walk the deck, and had to brace ourselves in the cabin and state rooms to keep our position. Several times, with all the guards interposed, the dishes and plates at dinner, would be thrown from one side to the other! This state of things would make Jupiter and his moons dance too gaily, for astronomical observation.

But all these hindrances did not prevent us from seeing and admiring those beautiful lights which adorn our heavens, and which present to our gaze the same mild and pleasant aspect, whether on land or ocean, whether in Europe or America. In contemplating these glorious orbs, how naturally does the reflecting mind connect with them the Star of Bethlehem, so sweetly referred to by Kirke White.

"One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye."

And may I not say, and you too,

"That was my light, my guide, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding's cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace."

You speak of Henshaw rolling on the floor, and collecting the dust. Were he in France, he would literally

"*wax* stronger and stronger" by such exercise; that is, he would be thoroughly *waxed*, for our floors are all of wood, (a kind of oak,) *waxed* and rubbed every week. The king's parlor, (Louis 16th,) I noticed was of the same fashion. Strips of board about four inches wide and twenty inches long.

We rode a little yesterday afternoon, and passed the palaces of St. Cloud and Neuilly. The latter is the favorite residence of the king. The arrangements are in comfortable style, and he feels more at home there, than at any other of his chateaux. We rode along the banks of the Seine for some time. The season being unusually dry, the river was very low, and generally it is quite narrow. At some periods it is even fordable, and I should think would be so soon in this vicinity, if the dry weather continnes. The Seine is only about seventy French leagues in extent, having its source in the forest of Chanceaux, in the Department of the Cote-d'or. In comparison with the Connecticut, it is a mere rill. I am told its height is measured daily and with great accuracy, and when it rises to a certain point, it is allowed to inundate a portion of Paris called Champs Elysées, which is the lowest spot in the city, and which is covered with a beautiful wood.

In passing the river yesterday, we saw scores of women at the water's edge, with their tubs, washing clothes, rinsing them in the stream, beating them, &c. These females were many of them standing a foot deep in the water all the while they were engaged in the process. I hope they are not susceptible of sore throats from their feet being wet.

We met, the day before yesterday, the king passing into Paris from St. Cloud.

PASSY, NOVEMBER 24, 1839.

My Dear Daughter,—I am glad my letter to M. was so acceptable. She must not forget her aged grandfather. Probably she is making rapid progress in study. If she has nearly finished Hume's History of England, possibly it may help to fix certain things of much importance in her mind, to commit to memory the following lines, and when I see her, I hope she will repeat them to me, without missing a word.

"First William the Norman, then William his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John,
Next Henry the Third, Edwards one, two and three:
After Richard the Second, three Henrys we see;
Two Edwards, then Richard, a villain I guess,
Two Henrys, an Edward, then Mary and Bess;
Next Jamie the Scot, then Charlie was slain,
After Cromwell, King Charlie the Second did reign,
James the Second, then William and Mary stood forth,
Next Anne, four Georges, and William the Fourth,
Now the young queen Victoria a diadem wears,
And long may she guide this great nation's affairs."

PARIS, OCTOBER 27, 1840.

Did you ever hear, my dear M——a, of a "*Dial of Flowers*," prepared by the celebrated Linnæus? It was quite a curious thing. Perhaps your good father can describe it better than I can. It was so arranged as to mark the hours by the opening and closing, at regular intervals, of the flowers used in its construction. What a pretty idea! And what an evidence it affords us of the beauty, and order and regularity of nature in all her works! May we not gather a hint from this flowery dial,

and endeavor so to regulate our lives, as that each hour may be filled up with usefulness, and bear witness in our favor as it passes into eternity, to be registered in the great Book of God's remembrance? It has been sweetly said by a lady, writing upon this theme,

O! is not life, in its real flight
  Marked thus—ever thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
  And another's gentle birth?
O! let us live, so that flower by flower,
  Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sun-set hour,
  A charm for the shaded eve.

PARIS, DECEMBER 20, 1839.

My Dear Son,—Among the interesting objects abounding in this city, is the "Hotel de Cluny," thought to be one of the finest remains of the ancient mansions of Paris of the sixteenth century. It was erected in 1505, by the Abbot of Cluny, on part of the ruins of an old palace. I visited this interesting place with Dr. B. and S. this morning. It is a remarkable building, and its contents are no less so. It has passed through many hands, and has finally become the property of M. de Somerard, a gentlemen of elegant manners, and an enthusiastic antiquary, and of great taste. He has stored his château, seven or eight rooms, with thousands of the most curious relics of past ages, which perfectly defy description. The collection is said not to have a rival in France. It is gratuitously thrown open to visitors, who apply previously for a ticket, once a fortnight, when Mr. S. explains familiarly whatever they may

desire to know. One room was fitted up as a chapel, used by the family in former times, with everything about it, as it was employed in the offices of religion three hundred years ago. The altar, the reading-desk or pulpit, the chorister's arrangement, the sides of the room entirely of rich carved work, the ceiling arched and curiously formed, need an architectural pen to describe them. Among the books was a two-leaved ivory tablet, of about four inches square, with about twenty-five or thirty compartments, in each of which was wrought ivory work, giving the history of our Saviour from his Annunciation to his Ascension, and so minute, that like the little carved box in the East India Museum at Salem, they must be examined with a microscope to discern correctly the different figures. In another room was to be seen, among a thousand other curious things, four sets of ancient armor, with the different weapons used by the knights of that period. The work on these was very great, and the defense seems to have been very complete. Even the fingers were guarded, and the power to bend given by the pieces falling one into another, like the folds of a lobster. In another apartment, the Banqueting Hall, was a round table, set just as it might have been, and probably was used three hundred years ago, with the dishes, plates, knives and forks, and spoons, &c., arranged, and the chairs placed. The principal seat for the prince, or whoever occupied it, was twice the size of the others, with a rich, tall back, like a bishop's chair. His plate, also, twice the size of the others; one child's plate was set also with a high chair, and small knife and fork. The dishes were of porcelain, of curious fabric. One was studded all over the bottom with imitations of shell-fish, raised a fifth of an inch high, to indicate what

the dish was designed to contain. Another had in it the form of an eel, covering the bottom of the dish. The ivory handles of some of the knives were the whole figure of a man in miniature. But the time would fail me to tell you of the odd and curious in this truly antique collection. Your cousin, W. P., might perhaps do some justice to it, but the effort would be great under his masterly hand.

PARIS, MAY 16, 1840.

My Dear Son,—The rains we have recently had, have given a spring to vegetation and imparted a richness to the foliage of the Tuilleries, that was much to be desired. The gardens of the palace are more beautiful and appear more inviting than they did last July. I once thought the pictures gave an exaggerated view of their beauty. I do not think so now; they do not come up to the reality. They must be seen and seen often under different aspects, to catch their varied and enchanting expressions. The fountains on the "Place de la Concorde" are magnificent, and on a hot day it is refreshing to walk around them, and listen to the perpetual droppings from the various figures that are pouring out their offerings.

A florist sent me, the other day, an invitation to visit his display of tulips, in a garden south of the "Hotel des Invalides." A. and M'lle D. went with me last week. There were one thousand and fifty-five varieties. Some were very handsome, but on the whole, though your neighbor's display was inferior in point of numbers, it was not certainly in point of beauty.

They trim their grapes here, in many places, very differently from us. They have them not more than two

feet apart, and the stem is sometimes from one-third to two-thirds of an inch, and even an inch in thickness. Few laterals, except of about one or two inches in length, from which the fruit branch proceeds, and the height is not more than six or seven feet. I saw a large promise of fruit from these side shoots. I don't know how our climate would answer, but I think we make some mistakes in our training.

Having given up the intention of visiting Italy, it was very pleasant and interesting for us to view last week, a model of St. Peter's church at Rome, now exhibiting in Paris. It cost the artist, an Italian, fourteen years of labor, and is one of the most perfect productions of the kind that can be imagined. Not an article belonging to the original is omitted, outside or inside, and everything is in the exact proportion of one inch to one hundred, so that all you have to do, is to imagine what you behold one hundred times as large, and you have St. Peter's before you. And yet, such is the accuracy of the proportions, you can hardly believe this to be the case, and are with difficulty convinced of it, until you apply the rule to some particular part, and multiply the number of inches. You then find it to be actually as stated, everything is given in its true and existing color, every inscription may be read. The expression in the countenances of the innumerable statues upon it, is wonderfully preserved. The interior is shown by the sides opening on hinges, so that you may be said to walk inside the church. The capacity of the original, you may remember, perhaps, better than I do. We were told it would contain ninety thousand persons. There are probably twenty or more chapels on each of its sides, the services in which do not interfere at all with the great body of the

people, who may be worshiping before the high altar in the middle of the building. Each of these chapels will contain three thousand persons. The window was pointed out to us, from which the pope, on certain days, pronounces his benediction upon the thousands below.

ANTEUIL, 6th JUNE, 1840.

My Dear ——, I send under cover to you a letter to my dear little grand-daughter. Tell her when she can understand it, that her grandpa has heard of a female genius in Milan, of the last century, who was familiar with the Latin language at nine years of age. At eleven she spoke Greek with fluency, and at fourteen was acquainted with several oriental languages. At fifteen she was an expert mathematician, and published works on conic sections, &c. She was appointed at thirty-two, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, at Bologna, and after becoming a "blue nun," died in 1790. Now I shall be very well satisfied if my dear M. is ignorant of much that this girl knew, if she will try to possess herself of that knowledge which is referred to in Paul's second letter to the Corinthians, 18th chapter, 5th verse. If she has all other knowledge, and knows not her own heart, she will be sadly deficient, and in danger of a moral shipwreck. Perhaps one of these days I shall hear her repeating something like the following:

"At evening to myself I say,
My soul, where hast thou gleaned to-day,
Thy labors how bestowed,
What hast thou rightly said or done,
What grace attained, what knowledge won,
In following after God?"

Dear M., Listen to one who loves you very much, and though he is three thousand miles off, thinks of you every day, and almost every hour, and be persuaded now while you are so young, to seek the God of your fathers. Jeremiah was good from very early life, and God loved and honored him much; and Obadiah, it is said, "feared the Lord greatly," (that is, loved, and served and honored him,) and one reason why he did so, was, he began very early, for it is said in the same chapter, "he feared the Lord from his youth." 1 Kings, 18th chapter, 3d and 12th verses. I know you pray to God, but remember to let your heart pray. Do not be satisfied till you can hope that God forgives all your sins for Christ's sake, and regards you as one of the lambs of his flock, and remember to pray for H. also, ask God to make him a good boy, and that as he grows up in favor with men, he may also grow in favor with God.

ANTEUIL, JUNE 28, 1840.

Dear Daughter,—It is summer. The earth is teeming with its valuable products. The air is filled with music, and all nature seems to be sending up its hymn of praise to the bountiful Giver of all good. And should man be silent! When, beside all the gifts of nature, he has the richer gifts of mind to be grateful for, and above all, a hope which reaches beyond all these material scenes, even to dwell with God his Creator, in heaven, and drink of the pure waters of the river of life, flowing from the throne of the Eternal! "A hope so much divine, may trials well endure." Yet so constituted are we that when called to cross the narrow sea, we are very apt, like

timorous mortals, to start and shrink at the dark waves before us. How kind then is it in God to prepare us for the trial, and strengthen us for the passage, by giving fresh vigor to our faith as life is closing, and showing us as it were in vision our departed Christian friends, now spirits made perfect, waiting on the other side Jordan, ready to welcome us to its happy shore, and with a benignant smile, assuring of safety and bliss! And does not my dear —— feel something of this faith, and see something of those bright and happy spirits with whom she has so recently parted, and who with palms of victory in their hands, are delightfully employed in celebrating the praises of their redeeming God; perhaps asking the privilege of being made ministering spirits now, and by and by the happy conductors above, of her who traverses a little longer this world of trial and vicissitude. It is a pleasant thought, and religion does not forbid it. I think I can hear her saying with the Christian bard:

"I love to think of heaven, where I shall meet
My fellow-travelers, and where no more
With grief or sin my mind will be disturbed,
Where holy saints and holy angels dwell
In constant harmony and mutual love.
But when my heart anticipates the sight
Of *God Incarnate*, wearing on His side
And hands and feet those marks of love divine
Which He on Calvary for me endured,
All heaven beside is swallowed up in this,
And He who is my hope of heaven below,
Appears the glory of my heaven above."

I visited this week a place called Mont Calvarie. It is about six miles west of Paris, and about six hundred feet

above the level of the Seine. The prospect from the summit is very extensive and beautiful. It is said to afford the finest view in this part of France. It takes its name from a chapel consecrated there in 1633, on which occasion three lofty crosses were planted on the summit of the hill. From that time it was respected as a place of religious devotion; several hermits took up their abode on its sides, and pilgrimages used to be made to it. At the revolution the custom fell into disuse, but at the restoration, pilgrimages again came into vogue for a short time. At the revolution of 1830, the hill and its dependances were finally taken from the influence of the church and devoted to lay purposes.

On every side as I looked around, the grape-vine met my eye, thousands of acres covered with it, and throughout these immense fields, you see no fence, no hedge of any kind, and like the Northampton meadows, all is open. As I wound my way up the narrow, rough and rocky road that led to the Convent, I could not but think of the many who in ancient time have superstitiously gone over this same ground, and thought they were doing God service by wearying themselves in making these laborious ascents.

In the paper of to-day I noticed one of the most curious instances of gross superstition that I almost ever heard of. It occurred in Cross-ville. As the altar cloth was about being removed, two pieces of skin, apparently of parchment fell to the floor. The beadle (a sort of sexton) immediately and in great haste, seized one of them, but the priest possessed himself of the other. He found it written upon, in a reddish color and in curious characters. Upon investigation it turned out that the beadle of the church had received twenty-five francs, for placing these

pieces under the cloth, that they might enjoy the service at the time of Pentecost! The pieces were the dried skin of a child, and the characters were written with its blood! And what do you think was the object of all this? It was to prevail on Heaven to send down large hail upon the cattle and fields of a neighbor who was an enemy, and so destroy his property! The beadle and his employer were arrested and imprisoned.

ANTEUIL, JULY 28, 1840.

My Dear Son,—Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, form the Anniversary of the memorable three days in July, 1830. I went into Paris yesterday, and by means of a ticket went into the recesses around the column erected where the Bastile stood, prepared to receive the remains of those persons who perished in the streets of Paris at that eventful time. A canal runs through the Place Bastile, and over this canal stretching from side to side, upon an immense arch, rises the column, formed of Bronze, richly wrought, with the names of those who fell at the time of the revolution, inscribed within compartments. Its height is about one hundred and fifty-six English feet. The religious ceremonies were for yesterday and to-day. To-morrow is to be given up to frolicking, and the vastness of the preparations for fire-works, music, dancing, puppet shows, &c., is amazing! In the "Champs Elysées" the arrangements for fire-works are very beautiful, as gas is now introduced through nearly the whole of that noble avenue.

The lights are placed on both sides and across in festoons, and these with the brilliantly lighted tents of the

cake sellers, will make the whole scene one of enchantment. The seats prepared around the columns, rise amphitheatrically, and will accommodate six thousand persons! These are for royalty, nobility and distinguished strangers. Windows have been let for six francs each to view the procession.

I went yesterday to the church of St. Germain L'Auxenois, where the funeral service over the remains is now being performed with great pomp. It is a very old church, standing a little to the eastward of the Louvre. Black cloth, with silver stars, covered nearly the whole front of the building. There are some things connected with the history of this church which, with its age, make it an object of interest. Its foundation was very early, as in the year 886 it was exceedingly injured by the Normans. The church was rebuilt about 998, and was then dedicated to the saint whose name it now bears. It was for some time the parish church of the Louvre and the Tuilleries, and received pecuniary and other benefits from this circumstance.

During the great revolution in 1789 it escaped injury, but in February, 1831, there was an attempt made to celebrate within its walls the anniversary of the death of the Duke de Berry, and the populace being enraged, the church was nearly demolished. It was at this time that the Archbishop's palace near the church of Notre Dame was destroyed. The church remained in its dilapidated state until 1838, when it was repaired and opened for worship. "It was from the belfry of this church that the fatal signal was given for the commencement of the horrible massacre on the eve of the fete of St. Bartholomew, August 23, 1572, when its bells tolled during the whole of that dreadful night."

The church is a regular cruciform edifice, with an octagonal east end. The earliest portion now existing, is the western door-way, probably erected in the fourteenth century. There are but few painted windows remaining, those few are said to be good. It contains but few pictures, and except for the historical associations connected with it, is not a particularly attractive edifice.

Six, P. M. —— has just returned from Paris. The ceremonies, he says, were most interesting and impressive. The procession passed in on one side the gate-way, and around the staging erected about the column, and were three hours in passing. Eighty thousand troops, in the most perfect order, with their glittering bayonets, superbly caparisoned, with impressive music, marched at his feet, until his eyes were weary with looking.

PARIS, OCTOBER 14, 1840.

Dear Daughter H,—I am just reminded that this day is the anniversary of your marriage. Is it possible! Have eleven years rolled away since I had the happiness of placing you in the catalogue of my dear children! Yes, it must be so. O how many and various are the thoughts that rush upon the mind when we think of these eleven years; and how solemn are those which must present themselves when we cast a look forward upon the eleven which are to follow. 'Tis wise and kind in God to fold down this page, and say to us, 'Secret things belong unto me. Think of to-day, and leave to-morrow in my hand. Conduct each hour with reference to eternity, but *be not anxiously solicitous*. All things shall be made to work together for your good, if your love to me is sincere

and supreme and abiding.' O what a Father has the Christian in his God! He knows our weakness, our trials, our dangers, and mercifully "stays his rough wind in the day of his East wind." May each of us adopt the prayer of the poet:

"Dear Lord, if I am one of Thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free,
To trust, and love, and praise is mine,
The care of all belongs to Thee."

May you both, with your beloved children, enjoy much of this life, be honored yourselves, and made a rich blessing to the world, and when we are all permitted the felicity and glory of dwelling with the God and Saviour we have loved on earth, we shall look back upon the scenes of our present pilgrimage with admiring and adoring gratitude, saying, "He hath done all things well."

PARIS, NOVEMBER 29, 1840.

The travelers of the desert, my dear Son, tell us, you know, of the oasis they sometimes meet in their sandy marches, and the refreshment such a spot affords is inconceivably grateful.

Let me tell you now of a green spot we met with, on Thursday, 26th inst. It was your day of public Thanksgiving at home, and we remembered the day at this distance; Mr. A., Mr. T. and his son, with Dr. B. and S., joining us at the table. Our turkey, for size and flavor, was equal to the best in New England, and our plum-pudding was exactly in conformity to Massachusetts usage, and would have borne a comparson with your good mother's at N. "Let Bourbon or Nassau go

higher!" Mr. A. implored a blessing upon us all, and did not forget distant friends, and Mr. T. expressed our thanks for the pleasant circumstances in which we met and feasted. There was one group that would have made our oasis still greener, but that was on a "pleasant mount," far away, and we could not remove it. We thought it not unlikely that our names were upon the lips of those whose names were more than once pronounced by us. Even tiny Theresa Maria, was not forgotten with her black hair, and sparkling eyes. Perhaps it was best that she was not here, for she might have made cannibals of us all, and the mother might not have relished such an entertainment!

I walk out on the Sabbath with A. between the services that she may keep the air, and it would make you smile, while it grieved your heart, to see how annoyed we are by articles for sale thrust upon us as it were continually in our walks, spectacles, hot buns, hot chestnuts, children's watches, pencils, shoe-strings, pen-knives, combs, fruit, &c., &c. Woeful, woeful violations of the Sabbath in every form, and by all classes.

I sometime since mentioned to you, I believe, that I saw no blossoms on the great orange trees in the garden of the Tuilleries. I understand the fact to be that as fast as they flower, the proper officer gathers the blossoms, and they are sold, yielding to the Government eight thousand francs yearly, (about sixteen hundred dollars.) If they were suffered to remain and bear fruit, the trees would not be so long lived or durable. Several that I saw in the garden at Versailles, cropped in the same manner, were three hundred years old.

The arrangement with regard to omnibuses here is very good. Among other good things there is posted up

inside beside the prices, the number of places, say fourteen. When this number are in, the driver stops for nobody. There is no crowding to pack in another, and another; the driver dare not take another in. H. would smile to be in one of these vehicles, and every time she passed from Passy into Paris, be liable to have her reticule examined by a soldier at the gates! They are very civil, but I have seen some feel into or around the bag of every female passenger to ascertain if there was no dutiable article being smuggled in. And so of our cabriolet or remise, we must always stop, and the door is opened by the guard at the gates, and if we have anything like a bundle or package, it is liable to be opened and examined. They stop us but a moment, and have, I believe, become familiar with our faces, and finding we are a harmless sort of animal, give us a ready passage.

Though in a village where you would think there should be water enough, we have no wells that give sweet water. Every drop we use comes from the Seine, a mile off. It is brought every morning by carriers, and filtered in a closet attached to our dining-room.

We have not told you of all our feats and amusements in Passy. Let me tell you of one, riding upon asses! How you would have smiled to see M., the grave aunt M., with our French assistant, Mlle. D., mounted on the jackasses, riding at full tilt through the *Bois de Boulogne*, with a boy running behind, for the purpose of snapping his whip, and urging on these asses! Such was the spectacle! But the pursuit of this amusement has not been continued,—for the asses being very small, (not much larger than the lamented Tiger,) had so very short and hard a trot, that the pain rather overbalanced the pleasure.

Dr. B. and S. went to Versailles on Wednesday. They saw on a table at the restaurant some fine preparations for a party that had come some distance to see and frolic. And among other pretty things on the table was a cherry-tree in a pot in full bearing, and the cherries ripe! Each cherry cost the provider thirty-two sous, (thirty cents!)

PARIS, JANUARY 30, 1841.

My Dear Daughter H—, I made out, as you will learn, to pass over to the Tuilleries, to have a little chat with the King. You would have smiled to have seen me in my borrowed plumes; Dr. B., equally gay, at my side. We met the rest of our company who were to be presented, at Gen. C.'s hotel, and proceeded at about eight o'clock to the palace.

The exterior of this building, though imposing and venerable, gives no idea of the magnificence within. We passed through a broad and beautiful marble hall, ascended a flight of thirty marble steps, and turning at the head, passed a long gallery, one side of which was wainscoated with mirrors, giving the idea of a double gallery and another procession. On the other side were windows looking into the gardens. We were met at the different stages of our walk, by liveried servants, in bright scarlet, (none can use this livery but the king's servants,) and by some of these we were ushered into a large apartment, called the "Salle de Maréchaux." On the walls of this apartment are the portraits of the living Marshals of France. Busts of distinguished Generals are also placed around the room, and the blaze that proceeds from several splendid chandeliers is exceedingly brilliant. From this room we passed into another equally

large, called the Salon de la Paix, which was the reception room, and around the sides of which, Lord Grenville's company and General Cass's, with those of other foreign ministers, were arranged in regular order. We filled, closely stowed, three sides of the apartment. Before the presentation, we were allowed to pass into the room adjoining, a most magnificent one, called the Salle du Trone, hung in red and gold, with a throne, canopy, and steps of rich crimson velvet. A superb chair was placed under it, with the cipher of the King (L. P.) wrought into the back. There was something in this room, and in the taste and splendor of the Throne, which was well calculated to inspire respect and awe. Having returned into the reception room, the King with the Queen, and other members of the royal family, entered, and were successively introduced by the respective ministers, to the gentlemen belonging to the several nations which they represented.

It was about half past nine o'clock when the King had proceeded so far as to meet the writer. I gave him a respectful bow, (not in French style, but of the old-fashioned New England kind,) which he very pleasantly returned, and asked me from what part of America I came. When I replied "from Boston," he was quite animated, and repeated, "Boston? Ah, I shall never forget the hospitalities of Boston." Gen. Cass then told his Majesty that "Mr. Walley would be pleased to deliver a message, if it was agreeable, from one of the King's old friends in Boston." The King listened with attention and seemed much gratified; he said "he was always loth to inquire about his old friends there, for fear he should learn that they were not alive." As he passed on he added, "Remember me very kindly to Major Russell." Louis

Philippe is not taller than myself, though much broader. He stoops a little, and has something of the pleasant and gracious smile of our respected fellow citizen, H. G. Otis, Esq. He has also a look with his right eye, that partly closes in a roguish way, reminding me of my granddaughter M., when she puts her hands behind her, and walks after her grand-pa, singing some favorite word of his. He wears a scratch and has no mustachios; a blue coat with stiff collar and gold border—the same on the pantaloons, which are of the same color as those of the common soldiers, (brick dust.) His manner was perfectly easy and unassuming, and his spirits apparently good.

The Queen followed, and spoke to me in good English. She was graceful in her manners—her dress was rich and beautiful, but not showy. It was of crimson velvet with three flounces of lace, of very costly kind, (I imagine.) Some sparkling diamonds. She looks feeble. She has not been fairly well since the attack of Darmés on her husband. The Duke of Orleans followed the Queen; his person is slight, his manner graceful, he speaks English correctly, and made one or two ordinary inquiries. There is nothing striking in his countenance, and he is said not to be of so strong constitution as some of the other children. He is considered an amiable man—kind, brave, prudent, and disposed to do his duty.

The King's sister, Madame Adelaide, came next with her niece, the princess Clementine, on her arm. The aunt spoke English well, was easy, not handsome, but looked like a clever woman. She is about sixty-four, rich and charitable. The lads, young Dukes d'Aumale and Montpensier, followed, but I was looking another way and missed their faces. They are said to be good

scholars, and are destined for the army. The Prince de Joinville is thought to be a fine seaman. The Duke de Nemours was absent. His wife passed before the King's sister. She is quite young, (eighteen,) pretty and smiling. The Duchesse of Orleans was sick and unable to be present.

After passing around the room, and conversing from time to time with the ministers of the different Courts, the King retired with the ladies to their private apartments, and the company, after lingering a little, to look at the rooms, retired also. A little after ten o'clock, P. M., found me safe in my quarters at Rue Monthabor, having had no occasion to draw my sword a single time in defense of any public or private rights, and not sorry that the Executive of the United States is encumbered with so little of the forms and etiquette which belong to European Courts. Louis Philippe is a plain man, who has seen enough of the "rough and tumble" of human life to make him not very strongly attached to all this parade, but the customs of the age require it.

In thinking over this presentation to the King, I have had some solemn reflections. I have thought of some passages in Matt. xxii. 11, and Luke xii. 36, together with the passage in Matt. xxv. 31, 32, 33. If it was so necessary for me to make preparation to be presented to an earthly king, so necessary to be clothed in just the garments which he had prescribed, lest 'when the King came in to see the guests, he should find me without the wedding garment,' the prescribed costume for all who would enjoy his friendship and presence, how needful, thought I, would it be to keep in mind that more important day, (a day in comparison with which, an earthly presentation shrinks into utter insignificance,) when I

shall stand before the Great White Throne above, and hear from the lips of that august Being who occupies it, the sentence of eternal condemnation or approval! My heart sinks within me when I carry forward my thoughts to that eventful moment, and could I not look to my dear Saviour, who has promised to present His humble followers "faultless before the Throne," being clothed in His righteousness, which is the garment God has provided, I should be miserable indeed. But I humbly hope that I have chosen Jesus as my portion, and that all my desires are toward Him and His salvation. If it be so, that day will be a day of joy and triumph. Even the tears of repentance will then be wiped away, for there shall be no more sin; the tears of grief will be wiped away, for there shall be no more sorrow; and the tears of bereavement will be wiped away, for there shall be more separation! Happy day! May you and I, my dear H., live in constant remembrance that we are one day to be presented to the "King of kings," and in reference to that period, let every thought of our hearts, every word of our lips, every action of our lives, every garment we wear, and every habit of life we may form, bear distinctly the mark of "Holiness to the Lord."

CALAIS, APRIL 4, 1841.

My Dear ——, How little did I think when I used to look at the fire-board in my parlor, representing a steamboat crossing from Calais to Dover, that I should ever be a passenger in one of these vessels! But I expect this will actually be the case to-morrow. I shall probably think of Dr. Jeffries' flight across the channel some years ago in a balloon. Steam navigation I prefer to the

mode he adopted, and probably he would himself use this conveyance now, were he on earth, and desirous of crossing. Yesterday, at about six o'clock, we entered this little city of ten thousand inhabitants, once so famous and whose remaining fortifications look strong enough to resist all the enemies that could ever come against it. The picture, which you have often seen, no doubt, of the patriotic citizens, who offered their own necks to Henry the Fourth, to save the other inhabitants from massacre, and whose lives were spared at the entreaty of the Queen on her knees—came fresh to my mind on entering this city, and I have walked around its ramparts, which you may do in half an hour, with much interest.

VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT, MAY 9, 1841.

Dear ——, I feel obliged to Mr. ——, for the kind interest he takes in our peregrinations, in the expression of an opinion with regard to visiting Italy. I had once strongly calculated upon standing where Paul did on "Mars' Hill," and treading upon the spot where the friends of this great Apostle met, and so cordially welcomed him at "Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns." If I had reached that spot, I should have "thanked God," in an especial manner, and "taken courage" for the rest of the journey. As it is, however, I hope I have thanked this kind Provider who has watched over us thus far, and crowned our days with so many mercies. I shall not want for themes to magnify his love, though I stop short, far short of Rome and Naples.

We left the little village of Cowes yesterday, and crossed the island (fifteen miles from north to south,) reaching this romantic and sequestered spot in about

three hours. This hotel, with several others, is on the margin of the ocean, no land in sight—the nearest is about ninety miles distant, which is Dieppe, in France. These cottages are under what is called the Cliff, so named from the mountainous rocks which rise abruptly behind them, even within a few feet. This Cliff affords a complete shelter from the north and east winds, and renders the situation very desirable and pleasant. It is resorted to even in winter, and many spend the cold months there instead of going to the Continent, it being many degrees warmer than any other part of England. Several things about it, remind us of Nahant, but it has some advantages over Nahant. We can ride or walk from our very door seven miles over a beautiful road under the Cliff, with a live hedge on each side, presenting at this time a most rich appearance, and beginning to throw out its fragrant flowers.

VENTNOR, MAY 25, 1841.

My Dear Daughter,

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life,
Just on the verge of heaven."

The privilege of visiting the spot where a child of God was born, and died, and took her flight to heaven, I enjoyed this morning. Often have I wished the gratification, if Providence allowed the opportunity, of seeing the spot where lie the mortal remains of "The Dairyman's Daughter," and this morning promising a mild and beautiful day, my daughters and self took a light little car, and after riding about eight miles through roads and lanes of surpassing beauty, thick set with hedges of hawthorn

in full bloom, throwing out their most delightful odors, we arrived at the cottage where the Wallbridge family resided. The cottage has undergone some alterations since Mr. Richmond described it. The vine was not to be seen, and I suppose the general appearance is a little changed. It is, however, very neatly kept, and though exceedingly humble in its form and furniture, looks comfortable and pleasant. The chair in which Elizabeth used to sit during her sickness, has been sold within a year or two, and transferred to the President's house in Washington. I looked into her Bible, one which she used at school and at church. It appeared to have been much read, though carefully kept. Some one had written in it the time of her birth, (Sunday, 29th July, 1770,) when she was baptized, (12th August, 1770, at the church in Arreton,) and when she died, (3d May, 1801.) In the end, on the cover, she had written her own name, Elizabeth Wallbridge, and the word "give" is added. Whether she intended to say by whom it was given her, or whether she was about to direct to whom the Bible was to be given, after her death, is uncertain. She was probably interrupted at the time, and never fulfilled her intention, whatever it might have been. The hand-writing is poor, as we know her advantages were few. The wife of the man who drove our car, attended school with Elizabeth. She was a giddy girl, he said, "and loved a fine gown," as it is remarked in the tract, but he added, "the alteration in her character was great, and sudden." The love of dress gave way to the love of God, and she put on at once the garment recommended in the text which was blessed to her conversion, "Be clothed with humility." From the cottage we went on to the church-yard, about a mile distant, through

a road called a lane by Mr. Richmond, as it was doubtless forty years ago, but though a little wider, it has now all the charms it is described as then possessing, for the whole way is lined on both sides with the fragrant hawthorn in full bloom, and from eight to ten feet in height.

The church-yard, and every thing about it, gave evidence of care and neatness. The good old clerk of the church went with us and pointed us to all the localities of of importance. We read with new interest the lines inscribed upon Elizabeth's grave-stone, and which I will transcribe.

"Stranger, if e'er by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
And think on her, whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth, but He who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her his truth and faithfulness to prove
The choicest treasures of his boundless love,
Faith that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom,
Hope that could cheer the passage to the tomb,
Peace, that not hell's dark legions could destroy,
And Love, that filled the soul with heavenly joy,
Death of its sting disarmed; she knew no fear,
But tasted heaven, e'en while she lingered here.
O happy Saint! may we like thee be blest,
In life be faithful, and in death find rest."

I could not but attend to the admonition of the epitaph, and think of her whose spirit was resting with that Saviour, whom she honored and loved on earth, and who was so precious to her in death. As I was treading upon the turf that covered her remains, I found clustered

around me a number of young girls from ten to twelve years of age, who were attracted to the spot by seeing strangers there, and I took the opportunity of preaching to them a three minutes' lecture upon the uncertainty of life, the necessity of religion, and the happiness of heaven. "Elizabeth," was my text, the sod beneath me afforded ample field for illustration, and the bright and beautiful sky above gave me an object, to point to my youthful audience a mansion in the heavens, where "The Dairyman's Daughter," and her beloved biographer are enjoying together the smiles of their Redeemer. I had a few tracts in my pocket, one of which was the interesting paper of Mr. Knill's, "Shall we meet in heaven?" This and some others I handed to my listening auditors, who, with much good feeling and gratitude received a stranger's remembrance. I parted from them with the desire that we all might meet in heaven, in God's own good time, and mingle our praises with those of Elizabeth, and assuring them at the same time that this might certainly be our happy lot, if we followed in her path as far as she followed the Saviour. It was an interesting moment, and I could not but think of that larger group in Mason street Sabbath School, to whom I would say the same things, and whose best, whose immortal interests are so dear to me. Had I a voice that could reach across the wide Atlantic, it should speak to these beloved objects of the value of a Saviour's love. What was it that has made the cottage of the "Dairyman's Daughter," the resort of pious curiosity, and her grave a spot of such thrilling interest! It was the deep piety of this humble, meek, and heavenly girl. Taught by the Spirit of God, (for she had but little of other teaching,) she made wonderful advances in the divine life, so that her learned and eminently holy minis-

ter declared that he visited her *rather to be taught himself, than to be her teacher.* The arrow of the Almighty, through that piercing counsel, "be clothed with humility," fastened in her bosom, and from being a friend of the world she became the friend of God, and secured the friendship of heaven. How bright is her crown above, and more and more brilliant is it becoming every day, from the stars which will be added to it through the instrumentality of her recorded life! From a faithful, prayerful study of the Bible, "she discovered," in the language of Mr. James, "the spring of true delight, and with a joy something like that of the ancient geometrician could exclaim, "I have found it, I have found it."

Can we, my dear ——, put too high an estimate upon that religion which can sustain our sinking spirits in the solemn hour which awaits us! What an object, what a hope, what a joy belong to the dying Christian! With such, "heaven is not a mere word, a term for some place they know not where, and of some bliss they know not what." They know its meaning, they feel its power, they enjoy its sweetness. This is the "heaven which shines upon the believer's earthly path, from the page of Scripture, like a glowing firmament above his head, and which follows him with its rays into every place, illumining the darkest, and gilding the dreariest scenes through which he may be called to pass." With such views, and thinking of such a heaven, do you wonder that I am earnest in inviting my dear young friends in the Sabbath School to attend at once to the things which belong to their everlasting peace? And can you be surprised, that I feel such pure delight, when I hear of one and another forsaking the path of folly and sin, and giving themselves unreservedly to the Saviour's claims? Sev-

eral, of whom I have been informed lately, I think of with fervent gratitude to God, and shall rejoice to meet them on earth, and finally in heaven, if I am so happy as to reach that blissful shore, "where saints immortal reign."

BOSTON, JANUARY 30, 1847.

My Dear Cousin, Your letter from Constantinople of November last, reached me on the 25th inst., and I assure you was most acceptable. With a little aid of the imagination, I could place myself in your company, and regret the inconveniences of the boat on the Danube for eighteen days, instead of eight; and then could exclaim with you in rapturous style on approaching Constantinople from the delightful scenery of the Bosphorus. You will probably never forget, to the last of life, that early morning when you first beheld the seven towers of the great city, built, like Rome, on seven hills, each crowned with an imperial Mosque, "whose spiry summits," (as a traveler remarks,) pierce the sky, and its copper colored domes glitter in the sun. You have still before you scenes of deeper, of absorbing interest, in your contemplated visit to Palestine and Egypt. I begin to think of you as treading the soil which the beautiful Joseph traveled over, when he collected corn for the nation of Egypt; and where that distinguished man of God, the meek deliverer of Israel's multitudes—and who spake with God "face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend,"—was born and educated, to be the temporal saviour and lawgiver of God's chosen people. And above all, I am beginning to think of you as treading on the sacred dust of Palestine, ascending Mt. Calvary, weeping in the garden

of Gethsemane, and looking at the tomb where "your Lord lay!" With feelings like yours, and the friends about you, I cannot conceive of visits of more thrilling interest.

Oh how I should like to hear brother B. preach to a little group of Christians on Mount Tabor, from that text which led him to say so many touching things. "And they feared when they entered into the cloud."

MASON STREET SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE Anniversary of the establishment of *Mason Street Sabbath School,* was always observed by a special service on the Sabbath nearest that day. On these occasions, parents and friends were invited to be present, and a crowd of bright and happy faces bore witness to the attractions of the place.

The exercises consisted of several singings. Reading of the Scriptures alternately. Prayer. Recitations and Dialogues by the scholars. Remarks by some invited friend; and usually of an Address by the Superintendent. These Addresses were prepared with the special view of cheering his fellow laborers, and of addressing to the scholars words of counsel and encouragement. They contained much that was of strictly local interest; many particulars of the closing hours of valued teachers and pupils, suited to make a deep and lasting impression upon the young minds to whom they were addressed.

In seeking to interest his audience, he borrowed whatever of anecdote or illustration was needed to arrest attention, or impress the truth he taught.

The two Addresses which we have selected, show his *deep interest in the cause,* and his views of the spirit and manner with which it should be engaged in, so as to warrant a reasonable hope of success.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT MASON STREET SABBATH SCHOOL, AUGUST 8, 1841.

My Friends,—Were I to indulge the feelings which are excited in my bosom by the scene before me, and the remarks which have been made, I should at once sit down in silence and only meditate my thanksgivings and congratulations. But I am too sensible to the duty and value of that action which grows out of right feeling, not to say something on an occasion like this, though it has been amid many cares and interruptions that I have thrown together these few thoughts which your kindness, I know, will excuse; and which you will receive as dictated by the feelings of a warm and grateful heart.

An absence of more than two years from this dear spot, has furnished me with many materials for remarks, and has supplied me with fresh motives, if any could possibly be wanting, for new and vigorous exertions in the Sabbath School cause. But neither time nor strength will now allow me to be as full as I could wish, and it must be reserved for other occasions, when my strength is recruited, and the excitement of my mind subsided, to touch on the variety of topics which may be illustrated and improved by the observations I may have made on foreign usages and events.

It was a law in Athens that no man should be idle, and it was required of all to give an account to the proper authorities of the manner in which they spent their time.

I feel at this moment as if I was asked by the proper authorities, "How have you spent your time for the two last years?" And a monitor within asks me whether in that period I have gained or lost in Christian feelings, hopes and aims. I left my beloved country, and these dear and delightful scenes, from a sense of duty, and having no commercial or scientific designs to engage my attention, I fastened my mind on *one object*, upon leaving America. Need I tell you, my friends, what that object was? I thought much on leaving these shores, of the exclamation of a Jewish king, What "shall I do for my son?" As I passed along, the question came to me with every breeze that wafted me over the ocean, ***What shall I do for my Sabbath School?***

With the course I pursued to interest and improve, and gratify those whom I left in this dear and hallowed spot, you are familiar. I could not ascend an eminence, I could not look upon the mighty ocean, or examine the remains of antiquity, or the monuments of genius and industry, or the lofty column, that in poetic language, almost "pricks the bosom of the skies," without associating in some way, what I was enjoying, with the Sabbath School I had left. And the question constantly recurred, how can I use this scene, and that incident, to benefit my dear young friends in Boston? That file of letters received from you, beloved teachers and scholars, convinced me that I was not laboring in vain; and once and again when the letter told me of a heart returned to God, and its best affections given to that Saviour in whom no beauty or comeliness were seen when I left, these eyes would have convinced you that I had not lost my interest in your happiness.

The more I have seen and heard, and thought, with

regard to Sabbath Schools, since last I met you, the more thoroughly am I convinced of their *peculiar* value, and of the high honor which God is putting on them in the grand enterprise (in connection with, and subordination to, the church,) of improving the morals, and elevating the condition, spiritual and temporal, of the whole human race. In America our facilities for making them useful are vastly greater than in the old countries of Europe. We know nothing, comparatively, of those wide distinctions in society, which in Europe place a large part of the youth who are soon to inherit great wealth and splendid titles, and to exert a wide and powerful influence, far away from the sweet and happy influences of Sabbath School instruction.

From this cause a very large proportion of the distinguished youth grow up without those peculiar religious attachments which we find in many instances so important a barrier among our youth against the inroads of immorality and crime.

I have spoken of the value of Sabbath Schools *generally*. It would be very easy to go into details, and confirm the remark by various illustrations. One fact just occurs to my mind that is striking and most important. By a late report made to the Parliament of Great Britain by the Board of Education, it appears that of three thousand boys who were educated at the Sabbath Schools in Gloucester, only *one* had been convicted of a public crime! Before a select committee it was stated that "*Owing to the general establishment of Sabbath Schools in Wales, in one or two of the Counties the prison doors had been thrown open, and the speaker attributed it to education, because nearly every individual throughout these Counties attended the schools.*" Every thing is valuable and inter-

esting which has the remotest tendency to advance the progress of true religion, and to promote the glory of God. And who that has looked upon this new moral machinery for the last twenty years, does not see that, like steam in the physical world, Sabbath Schools are to revolutionize the globe! And if they are patronized and fostered as they deserve to be, and the constant fervent prayer of faith continues to ascend for them and from them, they will be greatly instrumental in promoting the religion of the Gospel, that religion of which the great and good Robert Hall says, "It is the pillar of society, the safe-guard of nations, the parent of social order, which alone has power to curb the passions, and secure to every one his rights; to the laborious, the reward of their industry, to the rich the enjoyment of their wealth, to the nobles the preservation of their honors, and to princes the stability of their thrones."

And what is it, my friends, that we *study here*, in the hope of so glorious a result? It is the *Bible*, the blessed BIBLE.

"Most wondrous Book! Bright candle of the Lord!
Star of Eternity! The only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely." * * * * * * * * * *
* * * "This blessed book—
This lamp from off the everlasting Throne
Mercy took down, and in the night of Time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow,
And evermore beseeching men, with tears,
And earnest sighs, to read, believe and live."

I have often met with allusions to the Light-house, in reference to the Bible, but I never so much enjoyed the

figure, or felt the full and peculiar force of it, as on my recent entrance into our harbor at midnight. The beautiful light on the South upon Long Island Head, and the splendid revolving light on the north side, (called the Boston light,) attracted and fixed my attention. And I could scarcely take off my eyes from them as long as they remained in sight.

I pictured to myself a dark and stormy night in one of our wintry months, and a ship laboring through the mighty deep, and on a course which would soon bring her upon rocks or shoals, and lead to total ship-wreck, when, just at that moment the light-house came in view. First one, and then the other, pointing with unerring hand, the course of safety. She shifts her sails, and changes her path through the boisterous waves. A pilot soon finds his way on board, and amid winds and storms she pursues her way, and is speedily anchored beyond the reach of danger, and where the tear of love and the voice of friendship welcome the happy mariner to the home he loves. Who has not felt the beauty and force of those familiar lines,

> "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said
> This is my own, my native land!
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on a foreign strand?"

And amid the boisterous waves of human life, how in like manner, does the Bible, that grand illuminator of the mind, guide us in every difficulty, relieve in every perplexity, comfort in every sorrow, and sustain under every pressure. It smooths our passage to the grave, and, blessed be God, it does not, like worldly good, leave us

there, but its promises console us as we descend into the cold stream which separates from Canaan, and light our way to the bright mansions of the paradise of God.

Teachers! Scholars! Can you value too highly such a friend as the Bible? And can you fix too deeply upon your minds its all-important truths! You may remember, my teachers, the message which Dr. Payson sent to the young men under the care of the Education Society. There was something peculiarly solemn in it, for it was among the last of his choice words. Say to them, said he, What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown there as an index of your thoughts and feelings; what care, what caution, would you exercise in the selection! Now this is what God has done. He has placed before you immortal minds, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe every day and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for or against you, at the judgment day.

And, parents of these youth, need I say to you, how solemn is your charge, and how imperious your duty in regard to the religious education of your children! O let them see by every expression of your countenance, as well as every action of your life, how much you prize and reverence, and love the Holy Bible!

An amiable and interesting young female was lately called to resign her life, and just before she expired, she exclaimed with intense anxiety, "Mother, am I prepared to die?" O what a question to a mother, if conscience should at such a moment, reprove for awful, total neglect! You are aware that I passed more than a year and a half

in the city of Paris and its environs. There I saw enough to satisfy me what misery must ensue where the Bible is rejected or neglected. The great mass of those people are living, as Scripture expresses it, without God in the world, insensible to their high original, thoughtless of their eternal destiny. If they are crossed in some favorite scheme, or meet with a little adverse breeze, among the gales of human life, they fly to the poisonous cup, to the fatal pistol, or the engulphing stream. They have no God to go to, no refuge from the tempest, no 'shadow of a rock in Christ Jesus,' to shelter them from the scorching sun, no divine Comforter to help them under their infirmities.

For years the Parisians have been boring for water at an immense expense, in the little village of Grenelle, near Paris, and after boring to the depth of 1,837 feet, they came to water which immediately rose to the surface, and continues still to flow in undiminished abundance. It is quite warm, even after it has risen to the surface, and it settles a highly interesting problem in practical geology, in relation to the heat of the earth increasing as you descend into it. The Parisians are exceedingly interested in this experiment, and enchanted with the grand result. They contemplate great advantages from such a discovery. It is a fountain, full—overflowing—free and warm. Such a fountain is the Gospel, and it has been flowing on now for more than eighteen hundred years, and the Parisians, as well as others, have heard the proclamation, "Come ye to the waters, come and buy, without money and without price." And yet they have turned a deaf ear to the call, and have preferred "to hew out to themselves broken cisterns" of earthly good, that

can yield them nothing but disappointment. Unhappy people!

"The gourds from which you look for fruit,
Produce you only pain,
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all your hopes are vain."

My friends, I have said something of an account that I ought to give of my pilgrimage abroad. In addition to what I have already remarked, let me revert to the precious volume I hold in my hand. This donation from you, my young female scholars, I received on the eve of my departure, with peculiar and grateful emotions. I immediately laid aside the Bible I had been accustomed to read, and determined to make yours the companion of my voyages and journies. And I can assure you it has scarcely been out of my sight since the hour of its reception. Four times have I read through the New Testament, and twice the Old, since last I saw you; and let me give you as the result of my reading, in my own happy experience, that every perusal has strengthened my confidence in its revelations, and increased my gratitude to God for such a treasure. May it still be my guide and solace, and

"ever lie ——
Close to my heart, and near my eye
'Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage."

Which ever way I turn, I meet some evidence of affection,—some testimony to the value of Sabbath School friendships. This staff which you, my teachers, so kindly handed me, has been my companion on the ocean, and my support on the land; and I assure you it has been as

good a letter of recommendation as any one of the number I took. On certain occasions, I had only to present my staff, and it was at once a passport to confidence and affection. Like the magic sign of the Freemason, it had only to be disclosed and I was welcomed as a brother.

When I look on this Bible,—this staff,—these letters, and these cards of good wishes, (cards written to me on the anniversary of my birth,) can you doubt whether these things have made an impression on my mind? Can I do other than consecrate afresh the strength which God may give me to the promotion of your best happiness? And my dear scholars, need I say to you that the highest token of my love for you, may sometimes be exhibited in telling you of your faults. Count me not then as an enemy, when I do so, but love me more than ever for a faithfulness which will not suffer me to see you going on in error and sin, without raising to you the affectionate voice of warning, and, if need be, of admonition.

You may remember, perhaps, the account of a painter who had completed a beautiful section on the side of the immense cupola of St. Paul's church, and was one day retreating back from it to survey, in different lights, his performance. His steps would soon have brought him to the open spot behind, which would have precipitated him to the ground, several hundred feet, and probably caused immediate death. A person saw his danger, and had the presence of mind, and the good sense, to dash some paint upon the part on which the artist was so intently gazing. Enraged at the act, he darted forward to prevent a repetition of the injury, and soon discovered the danger which he had escaped through the apparent violence of his friend, and his reproaches were at once exchanged for grateful acknowledgments. I need not

make the application. You will easily see in the end, that to be kindness in your teachers, which wore a different aspect at first.

My friends, before I close, allow me to advert once more to our distinguished privileges and blessings as a people, and in an especial manner to the smiles of heaven upon this school. I feel more than ever the suitableness and force of that appeal of the Apostle, 'by the mercies of God, to present myself to Him soul and body, a living sacrifice, and surely it is a reasonable service.' What is it but mercy that has carried out and protected abroad me and my companions, and has commanded the winds and waves in our behalf, and raised up friends in every place to give us a kind welcome? And when I look around me, and see once more so many friends on this side the Atlantic, friends of my youth, and friends of later date, tried and faithful friends, what is it but mercy that has thus dealt with me! And let me speak of one more mercy, precious indeed, which probably more than twenty in this school will feel as their own peculiar mercy through a happy eternity! I refer to those who, since I left, have turned their feet into the narrow way of life. My dear young brothers and sisters, who may be present, receive my heartiest congratulations upon this wise and happy step. You have entered on a course in which you may constantly enjoy your Saviour's smiles, in which angels will be your companions, on which the eye of a benignant God rests with peculiar delight. Be faithful unto death, and eternal truth has promised, you shall have "a crown of life."

My friends, I had many things to say, but the time fails me, and to proceed I should only weary your patience. I rejoice that I find myself once more among

you, returned through your prayers, to this scene of delightful labor. It has been a source of great happiness to me while abroad, to know that my dear scholars were led in and out of pasture by so indefatigable and faithful a shepherd as the acting superintendent, aided by so many devoted and affectionate teachers. How much do I owe to these valued friends for their many prayers and affectionate good wishes. May He who inspired you with these kind feelings, enrich you with every grace, and surround you with every blessing, and when we have done the work assigned us on earth, in the humble sphere we now occupy, may we all be transferred to a world where imperfection can never be found, where sin can never enter; and where, through the infinite merits of our Redeemer, we shall constantly be gaining new heights of unmingled felicity.

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou can'st read it there.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er,
And in these kind and faithful friends,
Hath doubled all my store.

Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll proclaim,
And after death in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
But O! *Eternity's too short*
To utter all Thy praise.

ADDRESS ON THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MASON STREET SABBATH SCHOOL, MAY 12, 1850.

Parents, Teachers, Scholars,—Friends of this Sabbath School:—I meet you this day with feelings of a peculiar character. The paper in your hands, informs you that thirty-three years have rolled away, since, through prayer, effort and perseverance, this school was established. Twenty of these years I have been connected with it, and seventeen of these I have had the happiness of superintending its concerns. How much longer I may be with you, is of course, known only to Him, who directs every movement of our lives, and orders every event in perfect wisdom, and unbounded love.

My attachment to the Sabbath School cause, and the deep interest I cherish in the prosperity and improvement of this school, are not only unabated, but they increase with every Sabbath that I am allowed the privilege of

laboring among you. I think I feel something of the responsibility of my situation, and were it not for the hope that I may confidently repose upon a mind that never errs, and upon an arm that never tires, I should long since have fallen under my burthen, and some other voice would now speak to you of God and heaven.

Since this school was organized, upwards of four thousand children and youth have enjoyed its instructions. I dare not trust myself to speak of many who have said and written to me words which I can never forget, and which are treasured up in the safest and sweetest apartments of memory's cabinet. If we were allowed the distinguished and hallowed privilege of raising for a moment some small corner of that curtain which now conceals from our vision the innumerable cloud of spiritual witnesses that are hovering around us, I doubt not you would behold, and with a joy that language cannot paint, many youthful seraphs, and many devoted teachers, who, through the ages of a whole eternity, will remember with thanksgivings their connection in time, with this blessed Institution.

It was probably a glimpse of the brightness with which holy beings were encircled in heaven, that led the excellent Mr. Macksworth, on retiring to his chamber after the death of a beloved son, and holding communion with God, to say to a friend that he seemed willing to part with a son every day, if he might be permitted to enjoy such intercourse with heaven as he had just experienced; so overpowered was he with the nearness of God and the sweetness and efficacy of prayer.

It is religion, and religion alone, that makes man happy, and my young friends, it is to make you happy for both worlds, that the Sabbath School is provided. Satis-

fied as we are that youth is the important and promising season for treasuring up divine truth, and receiving impressions on the mind to last forever, we feel earnestly solicitous to impart to you, as we are able, those counsels of heavenly wisdom which we hope are ardently cherished by ourselves, and which our kind Father in heaven has committed to us in the volume of inspiration. In this endeavor, it is our happiness to know, that we are following the example of our divine Saviour, and are striving to fix in the young mind those cheering and infinitely important truths which He has communicated to the world. And when we look at this dear and Almighty Friend while he tabernacled in the flesh, taking even little children in his arms and blessing them, how are we encouraged to labor with the youngest of Christ's lambs, that they may be brought early into His fold.

The feeling which we should cherish with regard to very young children was beautifully illustrated sometime since at a meeting in Dr. Raffles's vestry in Liverpool, of friends to the Sabbath School. After several prayers and some remarks had been offered, a clergyman from North Wales, distinguished for his pointed and impressive manner of conveying truth to the young, rose, and among other touching remarks, in which the Welch are proverbially happy, said, Have you ever seen an affectionate mother in the act of parting for a season, with her children? She kisses each in succession, and gives to each some kind, wise, earnest word of counsel or caution. There is one member however, of the loved circle, to whom she does not speak directly, but of whom she is thinking more, and for whom she is feeling more tenderly than for all the rest. She takes the dear infant to her bosom, hugs it, kisses it,—and calling the servant,

puts it into her arms, and says, "Now, Mary, whatever you do, take care of Baby." With quivering lip and tearful eye, she crosses the threshold—but turns again, and impresses another warm kiss on her darling's cheek. She moves slowly from her habitation, but instantly she stops, hesitates a moment, runs back with hurried step, and cries with almost inarticulate emotion, "Now, Mary, *do be sure* to take care of Baby." "Thus," he went on to say—"Jesus felt, and thus he spoke when he was leaving the world and about to rise to heaven. His heart turned to the younger branches of that family, whom he had come to ransom with his blood, the babes of his household, the lambs of his flock. His affection to them for the time seemed to absorb all other feeling, and make Him even forgetful of the honor and glory that awaited Him. He heard the wheels of His triumphant chariot rolling over the pavement of the heavenly Zion, issuing from its gates, and coming nearer and nearer to the spot where, with his beloved disciples, He awaited its approach. He saw the unnumbered multitudes of angels advancing to escort Him to His Throne, but still the lambs lay nearest to his heart, and at the very instant of anticipated mediatorial triumph, He says to Peter, 'Lovest thou me?' and when Peter answered, 'Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee,'—then said He, 'Feed my lambs.'"

There were few eyes in the great assembly that were not moistened with a tear when the good Welch minister, in his peculiar and emphatic manner, pronounced these words.

And my young friends, it is because we wish to imitate this dying command of our Saviour that we invite you to the Sabbath School. We look on the whirlpool of life, (as the natural whirlpool near the coast of Norway is

represented on our paper,) and see that you are surrounded with many and fearful and fascinating influences. We know that your strength is comparative weakness, and that without the aids and restraints of religion, you will, in all human probability, be drawn into the vortex, and hurried down to ruin. In this moment of our apprehension, we point you to the Gospel, as you are taught in the Sabbath School, that you may be early on your guard against dangers so alluring, and yet so terrific, and urge you to change your course, and fly the danger. Had the ship you notice on our paper regarded the buoy which you will observe on the left of the cut, and which is outside the influence of the whirlpool, she would have escaped the peril she is in, and which threatens her with immediate, and irremediable destruction. And so if you will listen to the counsels of the Sabbath School, the faithful *buoy* which your friends have placed near you as a floating beacon to warn you of danger, you will escape the awful shipwreck which awaits those, who, careless of warnings, and deaf to remonstrances, plunge on upon the seductive wave of thoughtlessness and pleasure, and when too late, cry for that relief which then it is not in the power of man to afford. They shrink as did the unhappy and guilty female, when in the hour of death, she cried out to a weeping parent, "I am going, I am going—but not to God."

My friends, the grand object as you well know, of the Sabbath School is, to endeavor in our instruction to give such a prominence to the Bible in the minds of youth that they shall be led early to venerate and study it as the infallible Word of God. To fix in their minds the great truths, that God is every where present, that he notices every thought which we cherish, every action

which we perform, every motive which sways our conduct, and that he will bring us in the Great Day to judgment, and will then reward or punish every one 'according to the deeds done in the body.' We would teach them, from this blessed volume, the character of the divine Saviour, and the needful influences of the Holy Spirit, the guide and Comforter, who is promised to lead us into all necessary truth. We would teach them what they are by nature, and what is meant by an entire change of heart. We would impress them with the lovely character of their heavenly Father, and His condescension and wonderful grace in giving them such a book as the Bible, that book which, as one observes, "was given as it is, because God knew the mind of man, and knew that he had more curiosity than piety, more taste than sanctity, and that more persons are anxious to hear something new, or read some beauteous thing, than to read or hear about God and the great salvation. He therefore filled it with marvellous and amazing incident, with engaging history, with sunny pictures from the old world scenery, and affecting anecdotes from the Patriarchal times. He replenished it with stately argument and thrilling verse, and sprinkled it over with sententious wisdom, and proverbial pungency. He made it a book of lofty thoughts and noble images, a book of heavenly doctrine, but yet of earthly adaptation. In preparing a guide to immortality, Infinite Wisdom gave not a dictionary, or a grammar, but a Bible—a book which in trying to catch the heart of man, should captivate his taste, and which, in transforming his affections, should also expand his intellect. The pearl is of great price; but even the casket is of exquisite beauty. The apples are gold; but even the basket is silver."

My young friends, do we not offer you a rich treat, when we invite you to partake with us of such fare?

> "Never did angels taste above
> Such wondrous grace, such dying love."

Read the story of Joseph, and see if no tear is falling, while you read how he makes himself known to his brethren, and presses the beloved Benjamin to his bosom. Read the twenty-eighth chapter of Job, and see if you are not struck with its sublimity, and the inimitable manner in which it discovers to you where 'wisdom is to be found, and where is the place of understanding.' Read the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and see if your desponding thoughts are not vanquished. Study the fortieth chapter of the lofty Isaiah, and take hold of the promise "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

Look into the New Testament and trace the Saviour from his cradle to the cross, and from the cross to his throne, and what do you witness, but scenes upon which the angels bend from their bright seats in heaven to look.

Oh the deep mysteries of the Cross!

> "Our God in human flesh arrayed,
> Puts all things else in deepest shade."

Study then this blessed volume, read it with prayer, with expectation and an eager eye. In your retirement read it, and with friends who love it, come together and search it, sift it, talk about it, talk with it. And as you thus grow "mighty in the Scriptures," we promise you two rewards,—they will make you both happier and wiser.

I have said, my young friends, use prayer in the study of the Bible. Remember this, that without asking aid from above, you will never rightly understand it. And always remember that you may at any moment, in any place, on all occasions, raise your petitions to the Throne of Grace.

We are told that Pius IX., who was elected Pope, June, 1846, caused a letter-box to be put up on the outside of his palace, in which the people were invited to deposit letters to him. Whoever had any complaint to make, or any petition to offer, could drop a written statement into the box, feeling assured that it would come under his sovereign's eye. Pius proposed to keep his own key and go himself for the letters.

Jesus Christ has a letter-box. There is one, it has been said, in every sanctuary, in every dwelling, in every closet. It has been put up for the people, for all classes, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, the vicious and the moral, the young and the old. Whatever are your wants, your dangers, your griefs—go to the Letter-box. Your ever watchful Saviour will attend to your petitions, and the prayer of faith will be assuredly and graciously answered. And the next time that any of you go to this letter-box, do not forget to ask that the Sabbath School year on which we are entering to-day, may be signalized by a powerful and glorious revival in our midst, of pure religion.

In looking over a volume recently published by the American Tract Society entitled 'Home Evangelization,' I was forcibly struck with the statement in regard to the extent of our country, increased within four years by an empire more than one-half as large in itself as all the United States before the acquisition! "The Mississippi,

so lately considered the frontier of our country, is now, only the centre. With the addition just referred to, the United States are now estimated to be nearly as large as the whole of Europe!"

My friends, can we in view of all these things, doubt what is the duty of those who understand any thing of the moral bearing of these new and stupendous events in our nation's history? Are we not constrained to feel a deeper interest than ever in the rising generation? Suffer them to rise up to manhood uninstructed in the great truths of religion, and without any gospel armor to protect them from the thousand dangers which are soon to assail them in every form—and what may we not expect from such an irreligious, unprincipled population, increasing by its natural growth, and by an unexampled flow of emigration, bidding fair to reach, before this century expires, the enormous aggregate of more than a hundred million of inhabitants!

A lady, Mr. Abbott remarks, who very recently died in this neighborhood, but a few hours before her departure, said to her pastor, "It is a pleasant thing—yes, it is a *pleasant* thing to die. When you speak of me to my children, and refer to my death, have a cheerful countenance, and do not let their associations with death have a gloomy character; let them be bright and pleasant, for indeed it is a pleasant thing to die." Now what could sustain this young mother to such a degree under such circumstances? It was that she had early treasured up the promises of Scripture, had made the Bible "the man of her counsel," and chosen the Saviour for her portion. And if you come forward early into the fold of Christ, having loved the place where the Bible is taught, you will bring with you a most valuable stock of biblical

knowledge, and a capacity for more vigorous action than your fathers can manifest. Thus you will be able to cope to vastly greater advantage with the enemies you may encounter, and hurl back with ten-fold force the poisoned shafts which may be aimed at your shield. As the merchant who is able to bring into a concern a large amount of capital, can prosecute the business with more ease, adopt plans on a broader scale, and thus secure safety and success almost with a moral certainty,—so, filled with heavenly wisdom which you have sought from above, *you* will come forward in life well equipped for its conflicts, and proof against all the devices of your most subtle and powerful enemy. On this subject it was observed by Dr. Nettleton, that when a sinner is converted, he not only lays down his arms, but repairs to the camp of Immanuel, to fight for Him, and with His weapons. "Thus," he observed, "it was said of the celebrated Jerome, Origen and Tertullian, that they came into Canaan laden with Egyptian gold; that is, they came into the church full of excellent learning and abilities, with which they eminently served God."

In concluding these remarks, let me recommend to you, my young friends, that you early form a definite plan of life—that is, determine what shall be the grand object of living—or, in the language of our admirable catechism, what you shall do that you may "glorify God and enjoy Him forever." "Thousands of men," says Chalmers, "breathe, move and live; pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? Because they did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instruments of their spiritual safety; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke for their Saviour could be recalled, and so they

perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live, and die, O immortal youth!" he asks. "Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands with whom you come in contact every year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars in heaven."

These remarks are beautifutly and powerfully illustrated in the recent decease of a colored woman in the town of Brunswick, Maine. She had been for a number of years in the service of a highly respectable family, and while with them and after she resided by herself, her kindness of disposition, readiness to every good work, judicious counsel, and intelligent and devoted piety, so won upon the respect and confidence of the church, and a very large circle of friends, who in various ways became acquainted with her, that her decease, though at a very advanced age, was considered a public loss. On the day of her funeral many of the shops in the place were closed, business was generally suspended, and the Rev. Dr. Allen, formerly President of Bowdoin College, made a journey of two hundred and fifty miles, from Northampton, where he now resides, that he might attend her funeral, and thus pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of this humble but devoted and useful servant of our common Master; and tears were shed which are rarely seen when the rich and the great who have lived only for themselves are committed to the splendid tomb. Here is the evi-

dence that goodness is preferable to greatness, and that God will assuredly honor those "who honor Him."

And let me say to all present, that we need not go far to find objects upon which we may safely, profitably and most acceptably, bestow our prayers, our charities and our labors. They meet us at every turn in life, and that must be a sad day indeed in which the Christian heart has not beat with one compassionate feeling toward a suffering brother of the human family. An excellent but somewhat eccentric clergyman, one Sabbath, not long since, at the conclusion of the services, gave notice to his congregation, that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. The members of his church were struck with alarm and sorrow at this unexpected announcement of their beloved Pastor, and one of the Deacons in great agitation exclaimed, "What shall we do?" "Oh brother," said the clergyman, with great calmness, "*I don't expect to go out of town!*"

And so, my friends, we need not go out of our city to do great and permanent good. The arrangements now making by the City Missionary Society will open to you most important fields of useful labor at your very doors. You will find, if you engage in this enterprise, continual opportunities for drying the widows' tear, cheering the desponding soul, comforting the orphan, guiding the perplexed, recovering the prodigal, and so comforting the hearts of multitudes, that each of you can say, as Job did, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me, because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet

was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out."

And among the prominent calls upon your continued efforts, will be, attention to the moral and religious education of the young, and more particularly the case of those who, from various causes, are exposed to peculiar perils, emphatically those "for whom no man cares."

The Sabbath School was originally designed for this class, though from the happy influence it has exerted, it is regarded now as next to the church, and a mighty auxiliary to that blessed institution, as well as one of the most powerful engines that can be brought to bear upon the subtle and deadly attacks of the great enemy of souls.

At the concusion of a tea-party of Sabbath School Teachers at Zion Chapel, in London, the following sentiment was proposed.

"The Queen and Prince of Wales—May *she* prove a pious mother, and *he* an obedient son." The speaker paused, and then added—"and may his father send him to a Sabbath School."

Friends of religion, order, peace, and purity of morals, the Teachers in all our Sabbath Schools ask you to lend them your efficient aid in prosecuting the good work in which they are engaged. They need your counsels, your personal efforts, your occasional pecuniary aid, and especially your prayers—that they may be sustained in their labors, and assured of your hearty co-operation in the plans and instructions they may adopt for the improvement of their scholars. Though we may plant and water with ever so much diligence, we must always remember that God alone can give the increase, and that He may bestow this blessing He has said, 'He will be inquired of by His children to do it for them.'

Beloved youth, you cannot but be aware that separations are continually taking place in our families, schools and neighborhoods. We look around on these anniversaries, and on each we notice some vacant spot, where but recently we met the smile of some long-tried friend—but one that now sleeps in the dust.

While I speak, the forms of many rise in my mind, and I seem to hear them saying, with a distinctness which I cannot mistake, "What thou doest, do quickly: the night cometh, in which no man can work." I have spoken to you in these remarks, with the lips of others, more than my own, and I am warranted therefore in begging your most earnest attention to the things which you have heard, "lest at any time you should let them slip."

Let the Anniversary year on which we enter to-day, be characterized by this attention. You will never regret the decision you make in listening to a Saviour's invitation. All heaven will approve your course, and a whole eternity will prove its wisdom.

POEMS.

THE same earnest and loving spirit which sought expression in words and deeds of Christian counsel and sympathy, found utterance also in the composition of "hymns, and spiritual songs," as well as in poetry of a lighter character, which, however, the writer never allowed to be dignified by any other name than "Lines."

As, however, they are "Lines" which for their tender, earnest, and simple exhibition of truth, we cannot but desire to preserve, a few have been selected as a fitting close to this little volume.

HYMN.

"O God my heart is fixed." Ps. cviii. 1.

Fixed is the purpose of my soul,
'Tis formed in strength divine;
That while I live and breathe and act,
My God, I will be Thine.

Thine to obey Thy wise commands,
Thine to submit to Thee,
Thine to rejoice in all Thy will,
Through vast eternity.

Thou God! hast formed me for Thyself,
  Hast taught my heart to rise
Above the vanities of time,
  And seek my native skies.

And can I ever yield my heart
  Again to court the joys,
Whose influence binds me to the earth,
  And solid peace destroys?

Far hence, ye baits of sense, begone,
  The gilded barb I see;
Foiled tempter! cease thy snaring arts,
  They have no charms for me.

My Saviour, teach this wav'ring heart,
  To feel Thy bleeding love;
And teach, oh teach my wand'ring steps
  To seek Thy throne above.

My lips shall glow with themes divine,
  And celebrate Thy praise;
My noblest powers shall all unite
  A grateful hymn to raise.

Wide be Immanuel's honors spread,
  Wide let His sceptre sway;
He stooped a fallen world to save,
  And bear its sins away.

O may this great Redeemer reign
  Triumphant in my heart;
Restraining each unholy thought,
  And each unworthy art.

Exalting all my views, and aims,
My every hope and joy;
And yielding to my breast a peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

January 1, 1817.

JESUS WEPT.

Jesus in tears! how dear the page
Which such a scene displays;
My eyes, by faith, survey the tomb,
And, wondering, silent gaze.

Did friendship call forth drops like these,
Affliction to relieve,
To bid the sister's sorrows flee,
And mourners cease to grieve?

Yes, and the same benignant Friend,
Whose word the tomb obeyed;
Who, to a mother's eager gaze,
Her living hope displayed;

Looks now, from His exalted throne,
With sympathy divine;
And all our sighs, and all our tears,
Fulfill His kind design.

They lead our hearts to seek relief,
Whence only succor flows;
They lead us to the "Word of Life,"
The haven of repose!

Press'd with our griefs, we find in prayer,
A Saviour always near;
To whom His suppliant children now,
Are, as was Lazarus, dear.

And though, blest Jesus! now, Thou can'st
No mortal sorrows feel;
Thy powerful Word commissioned comes,
Our bleeding hearts to heal.

We feel Thy power, we trust Thy care,
Great Saviour, all Divine!
Henceforth to Thee, our friends, our all,
We joyfully resign.

With Thee, thou sympathizing Friend,
They shall be safely kept;
Lord! 'tis enough—Thy Word has said—
Blest Word! that "Jesus wept."

1818.

LINES,

Written upon reviewing a scene of great suffering, where the attentions of a beloved mother were most affectionate and untiring.

The sweetest pillow to be found,
A mother's bosom proves;
No feelings can with hers compare,
None like a Mother loves.

When sickness seized my little frame,
And pain compelled my tears,
She hushed me on this pillow soft,
And lulled away my fears.

When feverish thirst compelled me oft
The cooling draught to crave,
Her prudence frequent would deny,
But sweet the kiss she gave.

And then upon her bosom laid,
She walked with me and sung;
And never 'till I tranquil felt,
Thought her fond task was done.

Her moistened eye, too, I have seen
Darting a prayer on high;
I knew it was for me she prayed,
That then I might not die.

Dear mother! when in future life
By thousand snares beset,
Thy early, anxious, watchful care,
I'm tempted to forget;

May thy loved image to my mind
In all its charms appear,
And then in virtue's holy path,
My feet shall persevere.

1819.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

With reference to the MONTHLY CONCERT OF PRAYER throughout the world, on the first Monday in the month.

Hark! hark! a distant shout of joy!
The world—the world is calling;
In East and West, in North and South,
See Satan's kingdom falling!

Awake! awake, the Church of God!
And dissipate thy slumbers;
Shake off thy deadly apathy,
And marshal all thy numbers.

Trust! trust the ever faithful God;
His promise is unfailing:
The prayer of faith can pierce the skies;
Its breath is all-prevailing.

Look! look! the fields are harvest white,
And stay thy hand no longer;
Tho' Satan's mighty legions fight,
The arm of God is stronger.

The Cross! the Cross! is raised on high,
The Crescent droops before it;
The Pagan nations feel its power,
And reverently adore it.

Rejoice! rejoice! God reigns o'er all;
See prophecy fulfilling;
The hearts of stubborn Jews relent,
In God's own time made willing.

Pray! pray then, Christians, fervent pray;
Tho' "faint," be "yet pursuing;"
And cease not, day by day, the prayer
Of lively faith renewing.

Soon, soon, your eager, waiting eyes
Shall see the heavens rending,
And rich, and richer blessings still
From God's bright throne descending.

January, 1842.

GIDEON'S FLEECE.

When Israel's foes their strength combined,
And pitched in Jezreel's vale,
Prepared with chariot, spear and bow,
God's chosen to assail;

T'was then that dauntless Gideon rose,
In faith and victory strong,
Confiding that the victory,
To Israel would belong.

With fervent prayer to God he cried,
"If Israel Thou wilt save
As Thou hast said, with this mine hand,
And rescue from the grave;

Look now upon this fleece of wool,
Spread here beneath my feet;
If falling dews leave dry the earth,
The fleece alone being wet;

Then shall I know that Thou, O God,
Wilt save with this mine hand,
From the proud hostile hosts, that now
Pollute fair Canaan's land."

And it was so: for when he rose
With early morning light,
And hastened to the sacred fleece,
He pressed it with delight.

For, while on the adjacent earth,
No moisture could be found,
Upon the pledge Jehovah gave,
The copious dews abound.

But added proof was given still,
To answer Gideon's prayer;
Who asked the miracle reversed,
To stamp his mission clear.

"Let only now the fleece be dry,
And on the ground be dew;
Then shall I fearlessly advance,
And Israel's foes pursue."

T'was so that night: the fleece was dry,
While clustering dews around
The power of Israel's God proclaimed,
And Gideon's triumph crowned.

February, 1829.

"THE LITTLE HILL OF CALVARY."

See Sinai's Mount encircled round
With glory all divine,
Its thunders burst upon the ear,
Its vivid lightnings shine.

A present God its glory shows:
And listening throngs receive
The holy, just and righteous Law,
His lips in thunder give.

See Tabor's top with splendors gilt,
That overwhelm the sight;
And Heaven's holy messengers
In forms divinely bright!

But there's a Mount my steps ascend,
With more delight than these;
That Mount which Jesus wet with blood,
My eye with wonder sees.

There I behold, not Sinai's flame,
Nor Tabor's whelming light;
I fix my gaze on yonder Cross,
And triumph in the sight.

That Cross inspires my every joy,
My hopes all centre there,
Jesus has died that man might live,
And all His glory share.

The "Little Hill of Calvary" stands
Pre-eminently high,
Connecting by its sacred scenes,
This earth with yonder sky.

Thither I trace the "Lord of Life,"
In majesty arrayed,
And long and pant His praise to swell,
Who my full ransom paid.

1825.

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

In prospect what a hive of sweets,
I see this book unfold!
Gathered from minds of richest hue
Of purest, brightest mould!

Age, Youth, Love, Friendship, all combine
To decorate the page;
Each tasking all its noblest powers,
The mental thirst t' assuage.

The silvered head its treasured stores,
May lovingly impart
Counsels to regulate the life,
And purify the heart:

Strives to give truth attractive forms,
And urges present sway;
"To-morrow" it proclaims "is not,—
"Wisdom secures To-day."

Youth, jocund Youth, with frolic hand,
Th'obedient pen directs,
And slyly seeks to wake the smile,
At lovers' sad defects.

And Love itself, intent to please
Some bright and favorite eye,
Arrays its choicest sentiments,
In melting melody.

Sweet Friendship, messenger of Heaven!
Fills many pages here;
Rejoices now thy sky is bright,
Now, sheds with thee a tear.

Presents itself at every step
Of life's all varying scene,
And presses closer to the heart,
When dangers lie between.

While, through the vista of long years,
With eagerness I look,
And trace throughout their pilgrimage,
The writers in this book;

My mind with heaven-directed eye,
Would breathe this fervent prayer,
That all whose names are written here,
May shine in glory there.

1829.

REFLECTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Behold I bring you good tidings.—Luke ii. 10.

See herald Angels wing their way
To visit man's abode;
Their visage speaks a work of love,
Their message is from God.

With what ecstatic joy they speak!
What heavenly grace display!
And O my soul, with transport hear,
A Saviour's born to-day.

Rise every joyful, grateful thought,
Th' incarnate God to bless;
'Tis wondrous, 'tis redeeming love
Secures thy happiness.

Welcome to Earth the sacred Babe,
And choicest incense bring;
More fragrant than the eastern myrrh,
Or sweet perfumes of Spring.

And now the heaven-born Child behold,
Dispensing truth around;
Where'er His path, whate'er His words,
Blessings of grace abound.

The sightless eye and darker mind,
His healing power invite;
And with an energy divine,
His word makes darkness light.

The tempest knows His voice divine,
And changes to a calm;
He walks upon the swelling wave,
Unconscious of alarm.

The palsied limb His touch revives,
His word recalls the dead;
And thousands by His miracle
Feed on the wondrous bread.

His sacred lips with heavenly grace,
In rich profusion yield
Instruction drawn from passing scenes,
And flowers of the field.

He calls on nature to attest
The Father's watchful care;
And bids the sparrow and the grass,
A providence declare.

His steps are marked by tend'rest love,
His speech like dew distils;
The heart with anguish rent for sin,
With healing balm He fills.

But all this rich, diffusive love,
This condescending grace,
Extended with benignant hand,
To our apostate race,

Could not the heart of envy touch,
Or brutal hand restrain—
His blood, His vital blood must flow,
E'er malice can refrain.

Yes, murderous men, His blood must flow,
Soon must your victim die;
But oh! in this most precious fount,
What healing virtues lie.

In this dear fountain all must wash,
Yes! e'en His murderers too;
If their hard hearts contrition feel,
And for His mercy sue.

My eyes now raised to yonder Cross,
With tears of anguish flow;
And hark! the interceding prayer,
"They know not what they do."

This scene of grief and keen distress,
Draws to a fearful close;
"'Tis finished," said His dying lips,
And ended are His woes.

And now the awful conflict past,
The Father's will is done.
The powers of darkness are dismayed,
The victory is won!

See now His triumph o'er the tomb,
His progress heavenward view;
He rises to His Father's throne,
To intercede for *you*.

1817.

THOUGHTS FOR THE CLOSING YEAR.

Retiring year, farewell. This setting Sun,
Bears thee, where dwell the days long since gone by;
'Tis solemn, but instructive to reflect,
What record bears it to the Courts on High?

My page of life! what stamp does time impress?
Is it *thick-set* with virtues of the skies?
Is it a page which angels read with joy?
And ponder over with admiring eyes?

Does that pure eye, which unveiled Seraphs shun,
Behold my groveling thoughts of every day?
And does the faithful register of Heaven
Spread forth my "idle words" in dread array?

Sure it is so.—This soul all naked stands,
Soiled as it is, full in Omniscient view;
With all its proud, and vain, and worldly thoughts,
And all "the good I would, but did not do."

Great God, forgive the follies of the past,
Wash, in Immanuel's blood, my sins away;
And never more from Jesus' happy fold,
May I ungrateful and perversely stray.

Let every hour and year of common life,
Be filled with active, self-denying love,
'Till Thou shalt bid my earthly labors cease,
And place me in the Paradise above.

1828.

LINES,

Written on the last leaf of an Album.

If on the humblest part of the last leaf
Of God's great book, I find my worthless name
Inscribed, as one who loved the Saviour here
And hoped, through His atoning blood, to see
His smiling face in heaven—'tis all I ask—
Rich, free, unbounded grace, be thine the praise.
Through vast eternity O let my song
Louder and louder swell through all the skies,
And tell throughout a never-ending day,
How mercy interposed, and saved from wrath,
A guilty, self-destroyed, rebellious worm.

WALLEY.

"NOTHING is certainly known of the genealogy of this family prior to the notice of Rev. THOMAS WALLEY, some time of St. Mary's White Chapel, in the county of Middlesex, England, who was ejected at the Restoration, and came to New England in 1663, in the ship 'Society,' and settled at Barnstable. The records of the Barnstable Church say: 'The Lord was pleased to make him a blessed peacemaker, and improve him in the work of his house here, till March 24: 1677–8, when, at the age of 62, being Lord's day morning, he called him out of his earthly tabernacle into a house not made with hands.'"

In the Antiquarian Rooms at Worcester are preserved manuscript letters of much interest, written by Mr Walley, in which letters he laments the treatment the Indians received.

The daughter of Major JOHN WALLEY, his eldest son, married the Rev. Dr. SEWALL, for over fifty years pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, who was the son of Chief Justice SEWALL. The following extract is from the memoranda of Judge Sewall. It was written from Barnstable while he was on a visit to that place.

"View the burying Place. See Mr. Walley's Epitaph on a Rail broken off and tumbled about: so well as could read y^e^ worn Letters, 'twas this: Here lyeth the body of that blessed Son of Peace and Pastor of y^e^ Ch. of Christ, Mr. THOMAS WALLEY, who ended his labors, and fell asleep in the Lord, March 21: 1677."

His eldest son, JOHN, just referred to, was born in the year 1643; came to America in 1663; was appointed to digest the Plymouth Colony laws in 1671–84; chosen Captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in 1679; became a member of the Old South Church, Boston, in 1679; a member of the Council in 1687–92. He was appointed Commander of the land forces in the expedition against Canada, in 1690; was made Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in 1700; and died at Boston, January 11, 1712, aged 69.

He left a son, JOHN, a merchant, who was born 1691, and died in Boston, 1745.

His oldest son, JOHN, was a minister, who was settled at Ipswich, and died without children.

His *second* son, THOMAS, was a merchant, and died in 1806, leaving three sons, THOMAS, CHARLES, and SAMUEL, the last of whom is the subject of this Memorial.